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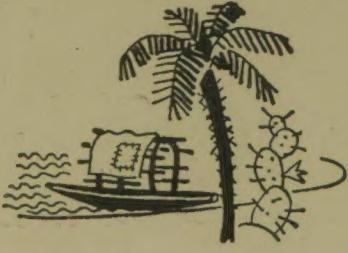
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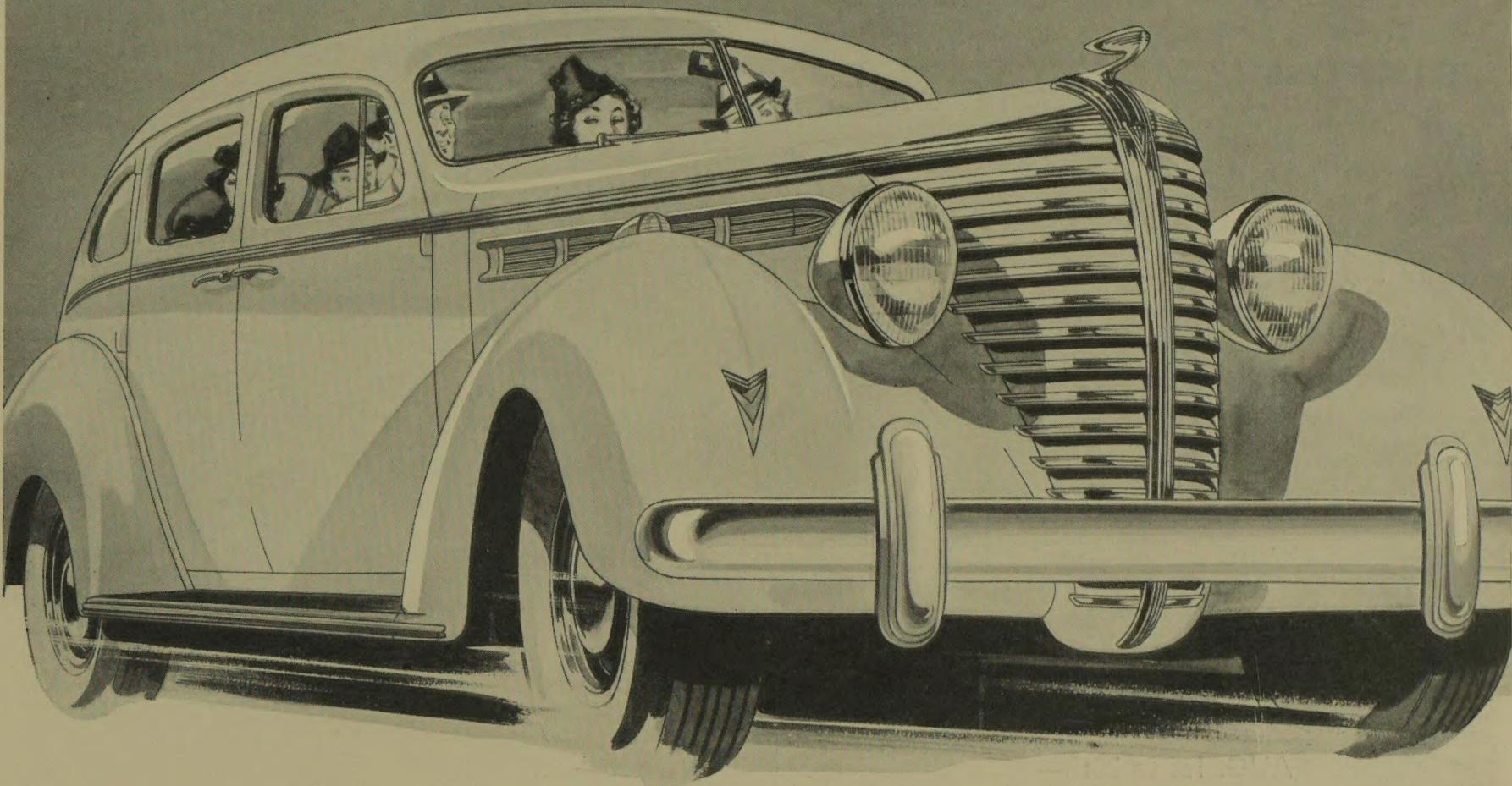
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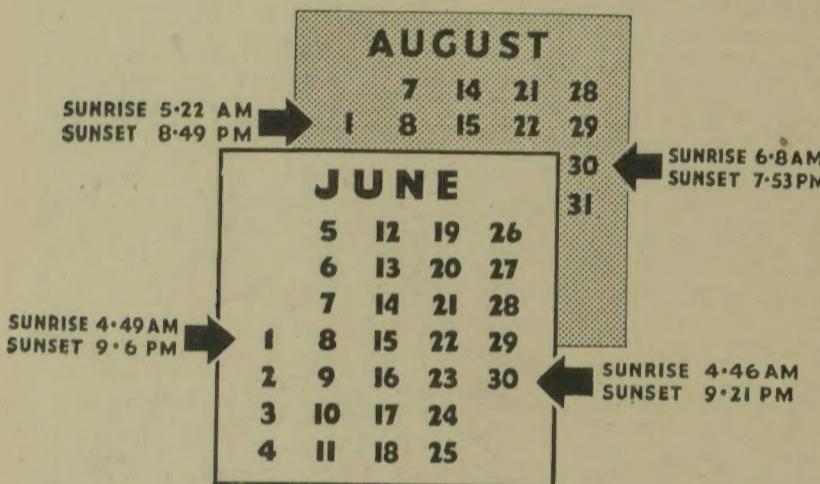
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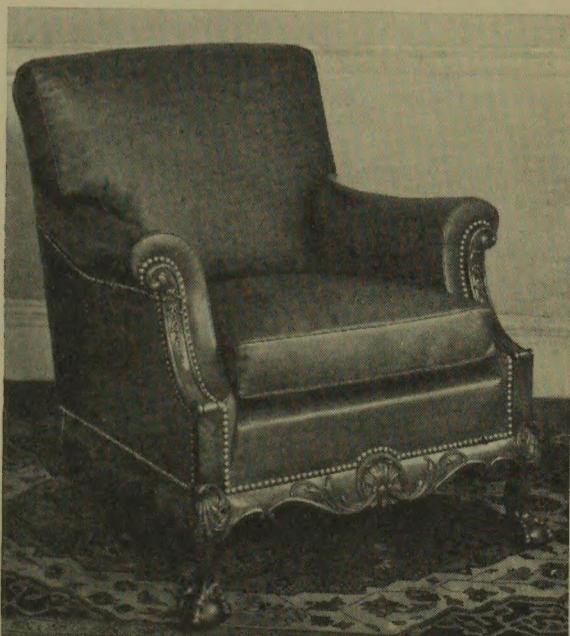


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SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1938.



THE exact extent to which Italian units took part in General Franco's offensive is not at the moment clear, but, according to a report from Barcelona, quoted in the "Daily Telegraph," there were about 60,000 regular troops engaged, in addition to volunteers. These forces, it was stated, were commanded by General Berti, with General Mancini as second-in-command. The Chief of the Italian General Staff was given as Col. Gambara. A semi-official message issued on March 27 in Rome gave a detailed [Continued on right.]



description of the part played by the Italian "legionaries" since March 9 in the Nationalist offensive on the Aragon front. The casualties so far incurred by the Italians were reported as 29 officers and 253 men killed, 123 officers and 1349 men wounded, and 33 missing. It will be recalled that the withdrawal of the Italian forces in Spain was one of the questions requiring to be discussed in the Anglo-Italian conversations in Rome. Britain, of course, favours the cessation of all foreign intervention in Spain.

THE ITALIANS IN SPAIN—DISCUSSED DURING THE ROME CONVERSATIONS: ITALIAN "LEGIONARIES" WHO TOOK PART IN GENERAL FRANCO'S OFFENSIVE IN ARAGON, AND (BELOW) GENERAL BERTI, IN COMMAND OF THE ITALIAN UNITS.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE other day I wanted to send a message of some urgency to a friend in the country. My friend was not on the telephone and, it being Sunday, I was unable to send a wire. My only resort, therefore, was to try and get some neighbour of my friend who was on the telephone to deliver a message. Remembering that there was an hotel near by through which such messages could be sent in emergency, I asked my local telephone exchange to get me its number. I had forgotten, however, if I had ever known, the name of this hostelry: so all I could do was to give the operator the name of the village in which it was situated and ask him to discover from the nearest local exchange what it was called.

Unfortunately, the telephone area in which my friend resided had been recently rationalised or mechanised or socialised or whatever the correct term is for that process which is being increasingly applied to every department of our national life, and the local exchange that I wanted the operator to question turned out to be situated, not in a nearby village, as it would have been a few years ago, but in the nearest large city, some twenty-five miles distant. No doubt an enormous increase of efficiency—on paper—had resulted from this step in progressive administration, but one minor consequence was that the information I wanted was infinitely harder to come by. Instead of receiving a plain bucolic answer to my enquiry from the man on the spot, I found myself engaged in a long and fruitless conversation with a young lady—doubtless very well educated—in a city exchange. She had never heard of the village I wanted and was naturally completely ignorant of the name of the hotel. In fact, though she was scrupulously polite, I think she thought that I must be insane for asking her for it. Indeed, when I think it over, it was a very understandable and pardonable supposition, for how could she be expected to know it? Finally, she went to enquire of her superior, who quite naturally was equally unaware of it. The net result was that at least half an hour of my own time, of that of my own kindly local telephone operator and of that of the young lady in the city exchange was wasted for no purpose. How this loss to the community would be shown in any set of annual statistics I do not know: presumably it will never figure in such. Yet time, and public time, was unquestionably wasted. And my simple enquiry remained unanswered.

Finally, I took the law into my own hands, got down an atlas and made a list of the names of all the villages within five miles of the place in which

my friend lived, and after further telephoning and further loss of time for everyone concerned, I discovered that one of them had a sub-post office (I think that was the official title) which was on the telephone. Having discovered its number, I rang it, and at once obtained from an official with a reassuring rustic accent an immediate answer to my question. It took him 30 seconds to supply what it had eventually taken the centralised exchange service twice that number of minutes not to supply. He had the advantage, denied to his better-educated colleagues at the centralised City exchange, of local knowledge. It made all the difference.

Some years ago it was the fashion to write hopefully of the new and all-conquering mode of rationalisation. To-day the process, I believe, is called

It is undoubtedly convenient, for instance, for a man or woman to be able to execute a dozen shopping commissions under a single roof without being exposed to the elements or suffering the delay of several intermediate journeys. Yet there are disadvantages in the system which are almost entirely overlooked. In the old days if I wanted to obtain goods or services, I would—if I were a wise man—ring up or visit a small firm who dealt entirely in a single kind of commodity and with whom I was accustomed to deal whenever that particular species of article was required. Without the least delay I would thereupon receive attention from somebody versed in this kind of business and who knew my needs in that matter from A to Z, and somebody, moreover, who had the strongest possible personal incentive for obliging me and not losing my custom to any competitor. That might entail inconvenience and anxiety to the retailer, but it was very fortunate for me, the consumer. It made the wheels of business, when I approached them, turn swiftly and smoothly.

But to-day, except in advertisements (where no delays seem ever to be encountered), all this is changed. If I ring up one of the lesser multiple stores, I must first explain my particular need to a young lady (one of a number) at a central exchange. The young lady will neither know me nor, beyond the desire not to lose her job, have any particular reason for caring whether I do my business through her firm or some other. Neither to her nor to anyone else in the establishment am I anything more than an unimportant member of a vast public: there are plenty of other fish as good as I in the sea, and there is no special reason why I should be obliged. If she puts me through to the wrong department or keeps me holding on to the other end of a silent telephone for some minutes, no obvious harm has been done to the business which employs her and



THE HAPPY ENDING OF A RECORD FLIGHT FROM BRITAIN TO NEW ZEALAND AND BACK WITHIN ELEVEN DAYS: FLYING OFFICER CLOUSTON (LEFT) AND MR. VICTOR RICKETTS WELCOMED BY THEIR WIVES ON LANDING AT CROYDON.

Flying Officer A. E. Clouston and Mr. Victor Ricketts landed at Croydon airport on March 26, on the completion of their return flight from New Zealand. A way was made through the crowd for their wives to greet them. A telegram was read from Lord Swinton, Secretary for Air, offering "Best congratulations on your outstanding achievement." The airmen left Gravesend on March 15, and have accomplished, for the first time, the direct double flight from Britain to New Zealand and back—24,000 miles—in 10 days 40 hours and 48 minutes. The outward flight was done in 4 days 8 hours 7 minutes (thus bringing New Zealand within 5 days of Britain), and the homeward flight in 6 days 12 hours 41 minutes. Altogether, they have created ten records—made the first direct round trip to New Zealand and back and the first direct flight from New Zealand to England; beaten Miss Batten's record to New Zealand; beaten the Australia and back record of Cathcart Jones and Ken Waller; broken the records from England to Sydney, Port Darwin to Sydney, Sydney to New Zealand and the return journey; beaten Miss Batten's Port Darwin to England record, and that of C. W. A. Scott and Campbell Black for the return trip from Australia. Their machine was the same de Havilland Comet used by Scott and Black in 1934, and also by Clouston and Mrs. Kirby-Green last year for their record flight from England to Cape Town and back. (Photograph by Wide World.)

planning, and, though the rate of its application is as great, there is perhaps rather less belief in its efficiency; for people are beginning to discover for themselves what it means in practice. In theory, as we all know, rationalisation means an all-round saving in costs and labour by the process of centralisation. What is forgotten by the enthusiastic advocate of the practice is that the saving is almost entirely that of the producer or distributor. The public who are served by such labour-saving devices seldom gain any advantage by such saving. On the contrary, they are frequently the losers.

Take the simple and everyday case of shopping. That there are certain advantages to the public in the multiple, rationalised stores cannot be denied.

none to her own interests. And the same applies to the owner of each of the other half-dozen ears and voices to whom I have to explain my business before I finally achieve the department and the particular assistant in that department who can tackle my order. In all this probably five or ten minutes of my time is wasted before I can hope even to establish contact with someone to supply me. And when I have at last obtained it, I can scarcely hope to do so with anyone as well acquainted with my own particular needs, so ready to give them sustained and undivided attention and so genuinely interested in them as under the old personal system of conducting business. All this, I know, may be inevitable and part of the process we call progress, but that it is not all gain to everybody is certainly worth recording.

GOYA AND A DISASTER OF THE WAR: A SYMBOL OF THE SPANISH STRIFE.



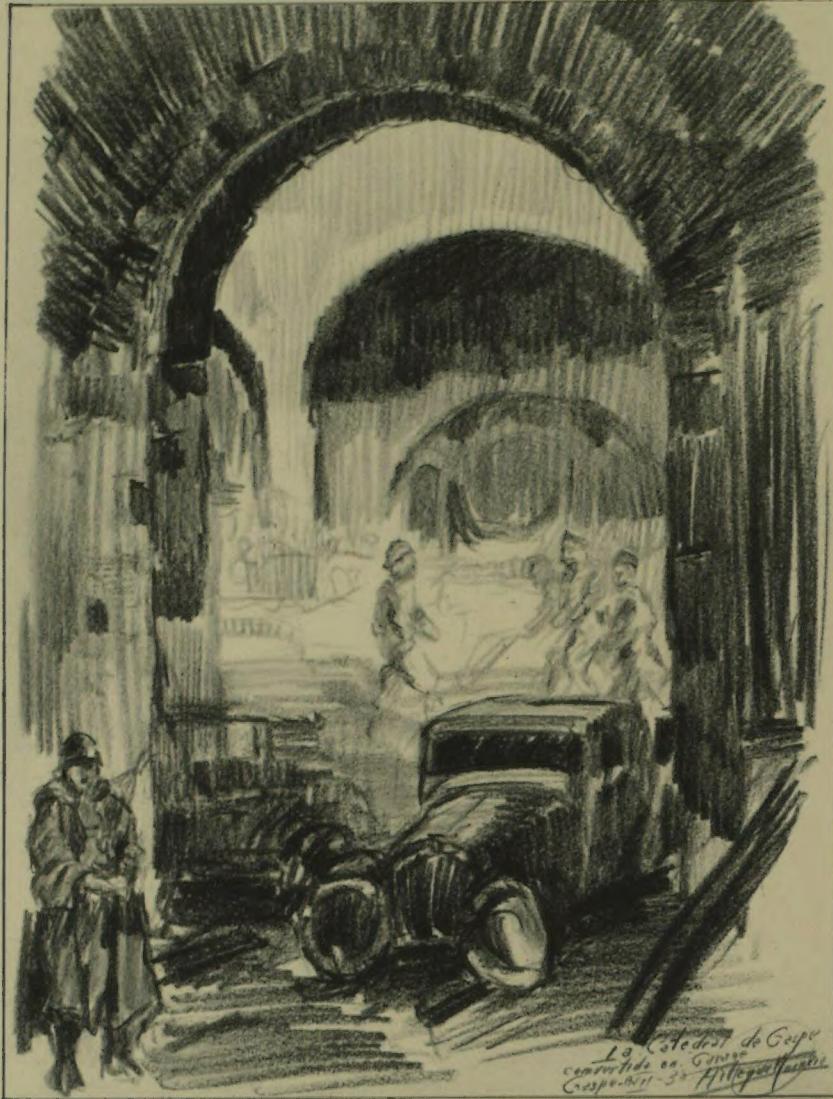
GOYA, ENGRAVER OF THE GRIM "DISASTERS OF THE WAR," CONTEMPLATES, IN EFFIGY, THE REMAINS OF HIS NATIVE TOWN RUINED IN ANOTHER TERRIBLE SPANISH CONFLICT: THE BUST AT FUENDETODOS, CAPTURED IN FRANCO'S OFFENSIVE.

Goya's birthplace, Fuendetodos, nine miles west of Belchite, near Saragossa, figured in the early stages of General Franco's advance, as noted in our last issue. The photograph reproduced here shows that it did not escape unscathed. Goya first saw the light there nearly exactly 192 years ago, having been born on March 30 or 31, 1746. His attitude to politics in his own day appears to have been mainly that of a cynic, as well it might have been in the Spain of Charles IV. and Ferdinand VII. But, although he actually worked as Court painter to Joseph

Bonaparte, Napoleon's puppet King of Spain, he gave passionate expression to Spanish patriotism in his famous painting of the "Dos de Mayo" at Madrid. The terrible events of the rising against the French seem to have had a profound effect on him, and (still Court painter to Joseph) he produced the "Disasters of the War," engravings which are, for the most part, a record of French ferocity. Some of the less grim of these were reproduced in our issue of August 29, 1936, *à propos* of the present terrible Spanish conflict. (Wide World.)

AN ARTIST WITH FRANCO'S FORCES: THE ADVANCE TOWARDS THE SEA.

DRAWN BY A. F. MERUVIA.



IN CASPE, CAPTURED DURING THE NATIONALIST ADVANCE: THE CATHEDRAL CONVERTED BY THE REPUBLICANS INTO A MOTOR-REPAIR WORKS.



BELCHITE RECAPTURED BY THE NATIONALISTS: TROOPS TAKING UP POSITIONS IN THE RUINS NEAR THE REMAINS OF THE CATHEDRAL.



IN A SPANISH TOWN WHICH HAS TWICE CHANGED HANDS: A NARROW STREET OF BELCHITE FILLED WITH FALLEN BEAMS AND RUBBLE.

The Nationalist advance towards the Mediterranean which opened on March 9 and led to the recapture of Belchite and the taking of Caspe and Alcaniz was illustrated in a number of drawings and photographs reproduced in our last issue. We here give some drawings by Señor A. F. Meruvia, whose work



AN INCIDENT IN THE ADVANCE TOWARDS THE SEA: CARRYING IN A BADLY WOUNDED MAN DURING THE FIGHTING AT CASPE.

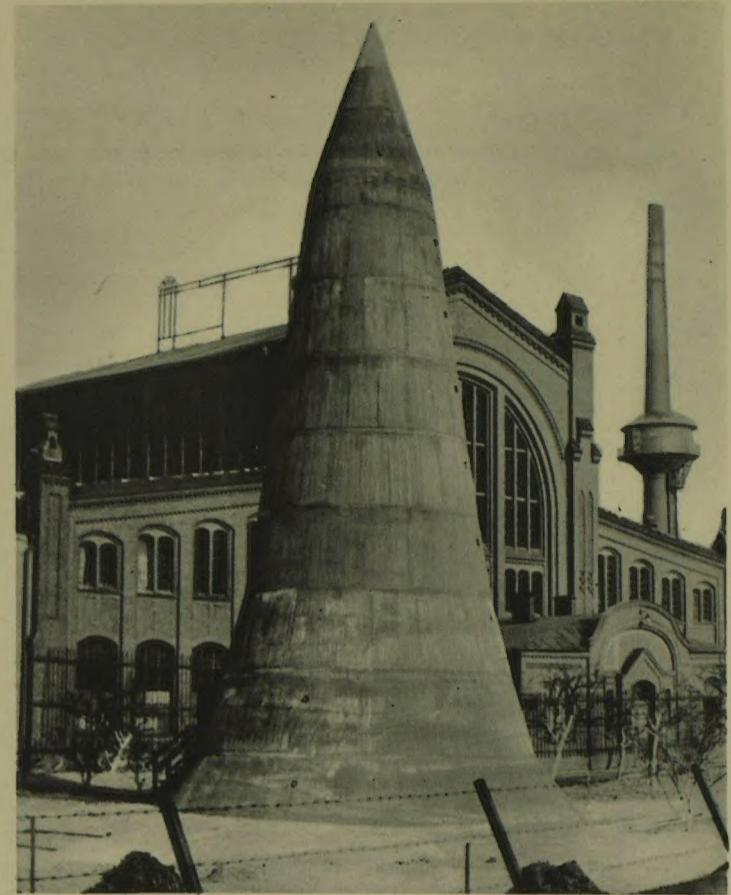
is now well known to our readers, depicting scenes during the same operation. This offensive was followed by another Nationalist advance, in Aragon, to free the town of Huesca, for long almost surrounded by the Republicans; and, as we write, General Franco's troops are reported to be entering Catalonia, and threatening Lerida.

NEWS EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD: ITEMS OF INTEREST RECORDED BY THE CAMERA.



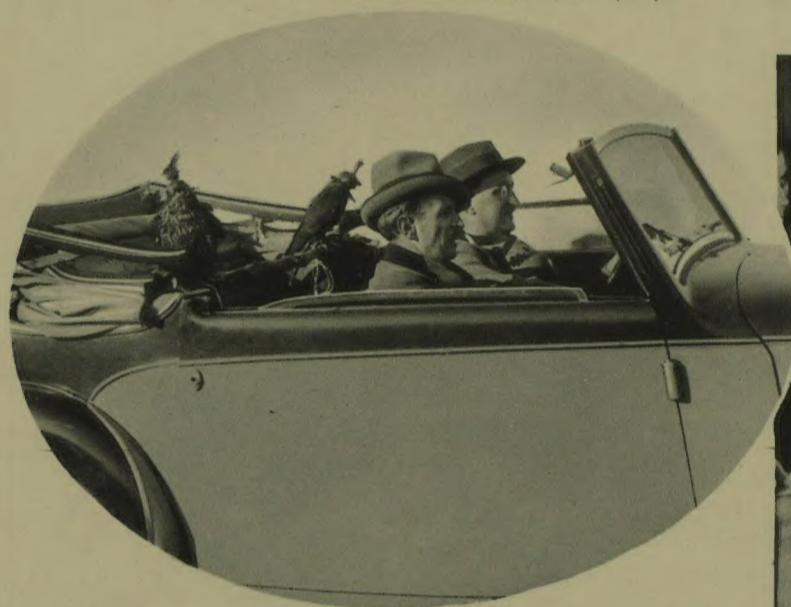
EVEN MORE ENTERTAINING THAN THEIR PREDECESSORS: THE RHESUS MONKEYS WHICH HAVE DISPLACED THE BABOONS ON MONKEY HILL AT THE ZOO.

When the Monkey Hill at the London Zoo was opened in 1925 it was inhabited by Hamadryas, or "Sacred" baboons, from Abyssinia. These, however, were very quarrelsome and several were killed in the fighting. They also began to die off, and those which were left began to be too old to be entertaining. The authorities decided to replace them with Rhesus monkeys, one of India's commonest species, and forty-eight of them were recently installed in their new home. (Fox.)



A CONICAL AIR-RAID SHELTER IN BERLIN: THE GERMAN "ANT-HILL" TYPE—A CONCRETE TOWER 80 FT. HIGH.

The inventors of this tower claim that its pointed top and steep sides render the chance of its being hit by a bomb very remote. It is made of concrete, stands some eighty feet high, and can accommodate 300 persons in the event of an air-raid. Doors and all other openings can be hermetically sealed; while gas-laden air is drawn in through a filter and purified. (Planet News.)



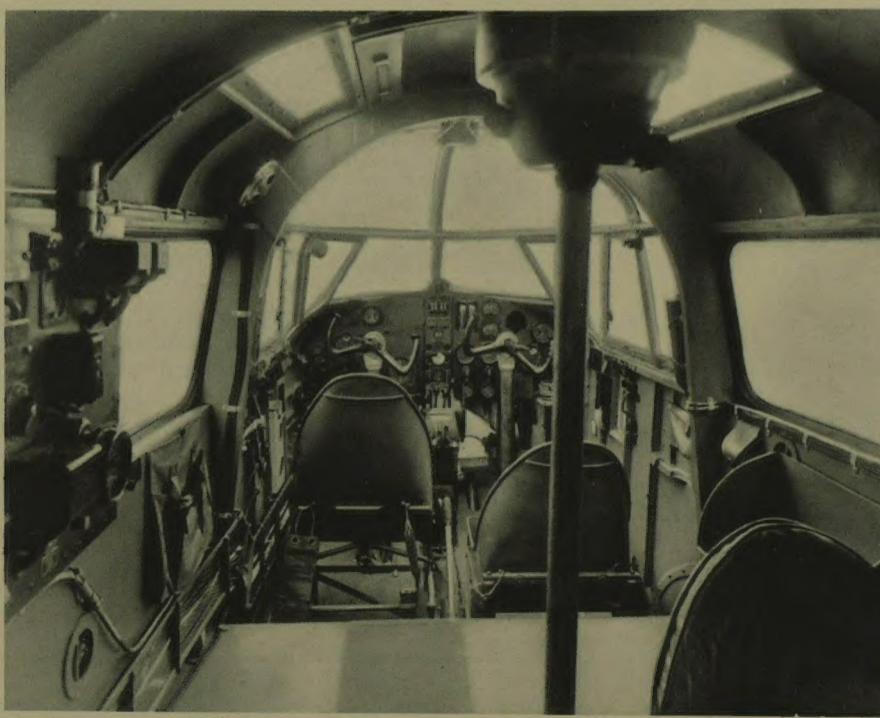
AN ANCIENT SPORT IN MODERN GUISE: MEMBERS OF A HAWKING CLUB WITH THEIR HAWKS ARRIVING AT A MEET BY CAR.

The ancient sport of hawking still has its followers, not only in this country, as the impressive British exhibit staged at the Berlin International Hunting Exhibition proved, but also on the Continent. Our photograph shows members of one of these hawking clubs arriving at a meet with their hawks perched in the back of their car instead of being carried on the picturesque but now out-of-date cagde. (Wide World.)



NOW SOLDIERS OF THE GREATER REICH: AUSTRIAN INFANTRY BEING FITTED WITH GERMAN UNIFORMS AT THE GUARDS BARRACKS IN BERLIN.

On March 20 the first battalion of the 15th Vienna Infantry Regiment arrived in Berlin, and, on the following morning, marched to the War Memorial on the Unter den Linden, where the commanding officer laid a wreath. The troops were then wearing their Austrian uniforms, but during their stay in Berlin they were re-equipped with German Army uniforms—a change which will soon be extended to the whole of the Austrian Army, as soldiers of the Greater Reich. (Keystone.)



A NEW TYPE OF TRAINING AEROPLANE FOR THE ROYAL AIR FORCE: THE INTERIOR OF AN AIRSPEED OXFORD LOW-WING MONOPLANE.

A demonstration was given recently at Wittering, Northants, of the Airspeed Oxford aircraft which have been designed for advanced training in the Royal Air Force. The machines are two-engined low-wing monoplanes and can be used for instruction in navigation, gunnery, wireless, bombing, and photography. The undercarriage is retractable and the handling of the aircraft gives the student-pilot invaluable experience before going on to heavy bombers. (Sport and General.)



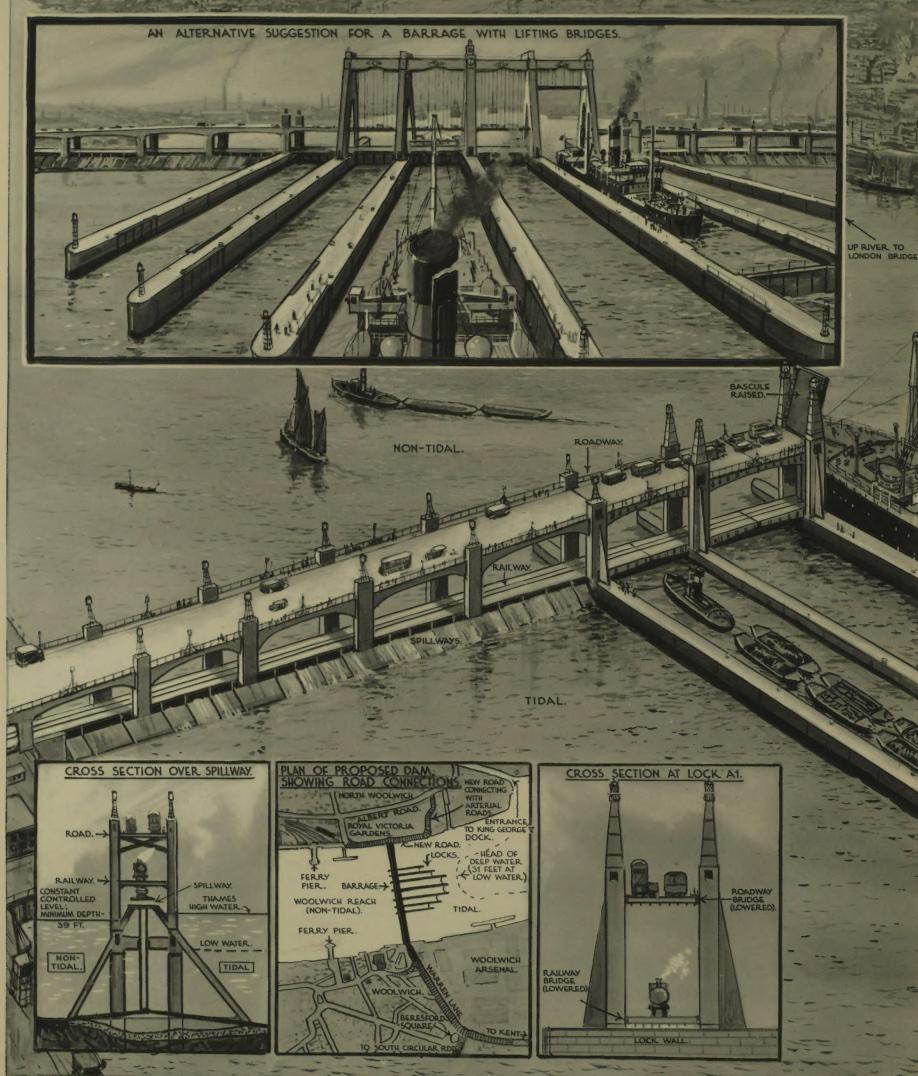
THE GLASS NOSE OF THE AIRSPEED OXFORD TRAINING AIRCRAFT: A MEMBER OF THE CREW LOOKING THROUGH THE AIMING WINDOW.

THE PROPOSED THAMES BARRAGE—A PROJECT VETOED BY THE

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL

GOVERNMENT FOR DEFENCE REASONS: A DAM AT WOOLWICH.

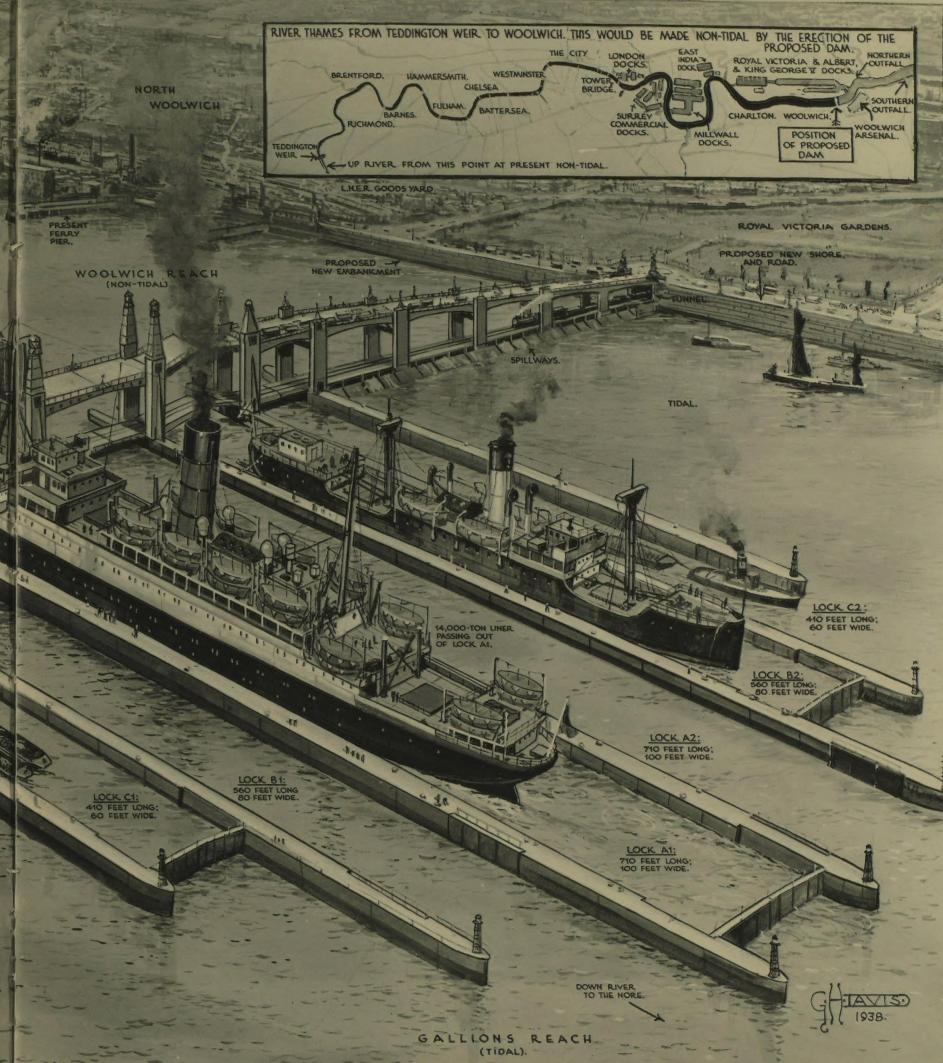
ARTIST G. H. DAVIS.



THE SUGGESTED WOOLWICH BARRAGE, WHICH WAS TO HAVE BEEN THE SUBJECT OF A PUBLIC ENQUIRY BEGINNING ON
AND HAVE MADE LONDON HEALTHIER BY

Shortly before the opening of the proposed public enquiry into the Thames Barrage Scheme, the Minister of Transport, stated that the Government would be compelled to veto the project because the Committee of Imperial Defence had reported that from a defence aspect such a barrage would have very serious disadvantages. Many advantages were claimed for the scheme by its advocates, the Thames Barrage Association, and, notably, the saving of £600,000 a year or more to the Port of London Transport and shipping industries. The cost of the work was estimated at about £4,500,000. Sir Louis Dane was the leader of the campaign for the barrage. It appears

that he had been greatly impressed with the success of barrage schemes when he was in India. Lord Desborough, Chairman of the Thames Conservancy Board for thirty-two years, also supported it. The advantages of the scheme were summarized by the Thames Barrage Association as follows: Barges and colliers able to enter the river; wharves and warehouses along all times; and wharves and warehouses receiving and despatching goods when required; access to Battersea and other docks greatly facilitated, also to the Grand Union Canal; an increase in river traffic following increased facilities; passenger traffic on the Thames made a much more practical project; power stations to profit from all-day fuel



MARCH 29: AN ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF THE DAM, WHICH, IT WAS CLAIMED, WOULD HAVE FACILITATED RIVER TRAFFIC, RENDERING THE THAMES NON-TIDAL ABOVE IT.

supply; all bridge foundations and river walls made safer by the elimination of fast scour; channel dredging greatly reduced; upland silt being only one-fifth of the total silt content; river property enhanced in value by the disappearance of minute snags; and dredging made more rapid and fairway to make it possible to devote one reach to non-tidal traffic without current (Battersea Reach is indicated for this); all water sports—e.g. rowing, sailing, and swimming—would find facilities increased; expensive de-mudding of docks would be eliminated or much reduced; the dam would enable road and rail connection between the north and south banks to be made at a very low

cost; and the exclusion of 81 per cent. of all treated or untreated sewage (brought up by the tides) from the area above the dam would make control of the rest possible and effective. The L.C.C., however, were advised to postpone the scheme on the ground that a scheme of this kind would be difficult, expensive, and dangerous to health and property, and incalculable very heavy expenditure were incurred. Lord Ritchie, Chairman of the P.L.A., declared in the House of Lords that in a war emergency such a dam as proposed would be a danger to London, and that the effect if it were successfully bombed at high- or low-water would be an appalling disaster.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

SCULPTURE, of all art products, is perhaps the most vulnerable, despite its apparent solidity, and also the most provocative of attack. It is vulnerable because—with public monuments in particular—it is usually large, conspicuous, and immobile. Whereas a picture, book, or piece of music, if unpopular or disapproved, can easily be kept out of sight, a statue in similar circumstances is too ponderous to be readily concealed. Sculpture, again, may provoke dislike or condemnation not only on aesthetic grounds but also for political or religious reasons, while paintings or drawings seldom incur such partisan hatred, and at the worst are merely susceptible to the contempt or ridicule of art revolutionaries. In antiquity, the sculptured effigies of one king or dynasty were frequently smashed by a successor or a conqueror, as archaeologists have found by excavation. Then there were the historic proceedings of the Iconoclasts, and, in our own country, the vandalism of the Puritans. Of late years, certain public monuments have occasioned aesthetic controversy (e.g., the Haig statue and some of Mr. Epstein's works), while others have sustained political odium, I believe, if not actual physical attack, in Ireland, India, and Germany. Was it not stated, for instance, in connection with a recent memoir of Mendelssohn, that his statue at Leipzig had been demolished, presumably on racial principles?

We are all familiar with disparaging criticism of London statues, and of the massive sculptured memorials to bygone celebrities, otherwise forgotten, that encumber precious space in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's. Apart from such considerations, however, or questions of artistic quality, these and similar sculptures possess historical interest as representing a phase in the development of British art, as well as the personal interest afforded by the lives of the sculptors and the social conditions of their period. One of the sculptors is the subject of a goodly quarto volume, lavishly illustrated, which is very attractive from that point of view, namely, "ANNALS OF THOMAS BANKS, SCULPTOR, ROYAL ACADEMICIAN." With some Letters from Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., to Banks's Daughter. Edited by C. F. Bell. With 43 Plates from Photographs by Sydney Pitcher, F.R.P.S. (Cambridge University Press; 42s.).

Mr. Bell has a family association with his subject, and has derived satisfaction from tracing some of his own predilections and dislikes in art "back to a forbear who flourished in a brilliant and heroic age, and held a place, if only an inconspicuous one, amongst its worthies." In the course of many years he has collected a mass of interesting material, in the form of letters and extracts from diaries, newspapers, and other records, which, besides revealing the character and career of Banks himself, form a valuable commentary on the London art world in general, between the birth of Thomas Banks in 1735 (he died in 1805) and the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence in 1830. It is a book that every student of art history will enjoy. Acknowledging help received in the preparation of the work, Mr. Bell expresses "dutiful thanks to His Majesty the King, who has graciously permitted the publication of hitherto unprinted extracts from the original diaries of Joseph Farington, R.A., in the Royal Library, Windsor Castle."

Mr. Bell explains that, in compiling his work, he has chosen the form of chronological annals, rather than consecutive biography, "because there were no events in Banks's life to give point to a narrative." I am not sure that I quite agree with this line of argument, for if the material is interesting (as it certainly is) in its present disconnected shape, why should it not have been equally so if welded into a more continuous story? Some compromise between the two methods might, I think, have been more agreeable to the general reader, for it needs a determined enthusiast to effect the necessary fusion of countless isolated facts and quotations during the process of reading. I am all for allowing the subject of a biography to speak for himself in his own letters (as Mr. W. J. Turner does in his memoir of Mozart reviewed here last week); but in the present volume the situation is different, for the "annals" are by no means all in the words of Banks himself, but are drawn from very miscellaneous sources.

At any rate, a short preliminary outline of his life and work would have been helpful in putting the reader at once *en rapport* with the subject. At the same time, the numerous short biographical notes on persons mentioned in letters, interpolated in the text, might have been assembled in an alphabetical appendix.

Among the chief works by Thomas Banks illustrated in this volume are three recently acquired by the Victoria and Albert Museum at the Clumber sale—"Thetis Dipping the Infant Achilles in the Styx," and two busts of Oliver Cromwell. Others are "Caractacus Before Claudius," a group at Stowe school; monuments to Sir Eyre Coote and Sir Clifton Wintingham in Westminster Abbey; and two monuments in St. Paul's, commemorating respectively Captain Richard Rundle Burgess and Captain George Blagdon Westcott. Banks in his own day was considered a great artist, and the fact that "now even his name is remembered by only a few antiquaries" suggested to

The decorative details of the old Bank of England have vanished with Soane's irreplaceable architecture." During his lifetime Banks had a misfortune almost as severe as Carlyle's loss of his first "French Revolution" manuscript. One of his most ambitious statues—"Achilles Mourning the Loss of Briseis"—was accidentally broken to pieces in transit, but he treated the disaster with calm stoicism.

An important feature of the present volume is the long correspondence between Banks's daughter (Mrs. Forster) and Sir Thomas Lawrence. "It happens," writes Mr. Bell, "that these letters contain some of the very few facts about Richard Parkes Bonington reported by trustworthy contemporary authority. Although they were extracted and published by Allan Cunningham at the time, their importance seems scarcely to have been appreciated by the authors of the most elaborate recent life of the painter. While these writers were giving new currency to a legend about Bonington's relations with Mrs. Forster's daughters, founded on contemporary newspaper gossip, they omitted to emphasize the point that her social circle was the meeting-place of the youthful painters who adopted and developed Bonington's style, and beyond doubt executed a great part of the pictures and drawings now labelled with his name. Any attempt to re-sort this miscellany without knowledge of the names and personalities of the young artists who frequented Mrs. Forster's house must be incomplete."

In one letter, Sir Thomas Lawrence pays a high tribute to the genius of Bonington and deplores his early death. Elsewhere, regarding Mrs. Forster's selection of drawings from her father's collection to lend to him, Lawrence says: "Recollect that Rembrandt comes within my circle of the Great."

There are certain links—such as Banks's monument to William Woollett, the engraver—between the foregoing work and one dealing with another branch of art—"THE ENGLISH PRINT." By Basil Gray, Assistant Keeper in the British Museum. With 24 Collotype Plates and 8 Head and Tail-Pieces (A. and C. Black; 7s. 6d.). "This book," says the author, "has been written more for the general reader than for the collector," but, of course, the general reader in view must be one interested in the particular form of art under discussion. As might be expected from its origin, the book is scholarly, authoritative, and replete with valuable information. Naturally, it contains much about pictorial journalism, and our readers especially will be attracted by various allusions to *The Illustrated London News* and to artists and printers associated with it in earlier days.

Mr. Gray alludes to William Woollett (1735-85)—best known, he recalls, as the engraver of Richard Wilson's landscapes—in a long and interesting chapter devoted to Blake. Here, too, there is a passage possibly relating to the memorial sculptures of Banks, though he is not mentioned by name. "William Blake," we read, "is in many ways the most important master of the English print, both in virtue of the quality and amount of his work, and also because of the technical experiments that he made. . . . Blake was a valuable apprentice to Basire, not only as a conscientious engraver ready to follow the old-fashioned style employed by his master, but also as a copier of effigies from

the tombs of Westminster Abbey for Gough's *Sepulchral Monuments*. Basire's principal work was for the Society of Antiquaries. Blake remained loyal to his master and upheld his linear style of working as against his more successful rivals, Woollett and Strange."

Another passage from Mr. Gray's admirable work concerns a famous artist whose work has often appeared in our pages, and leads up to the next item on my list. "Sir Muirhead Bone," we read, "is the most distinguished of all the living painter-etchers. He started to etch in Glasgow, but has found some of his most successful subjects in London, where he has done many plates of building operations, demolitions, cleared sites and scaffolding from 1904 onwards. Since the war he has visited the South of Europe much and has done plates of Italy and Spain.

(Continued on page 598)



AN OUTSTANDING INDIAN RULER'S UNTIMELY DEATH: THE LATE MAHARAJA OF PATAIALA, A STRONG SUPPORTER OF BRITAIN BOTH IN WAR AND PEACE, CHANCELLOR OF THE CHAMBER OF PRINCES, A GREAT SPORTSMAN, AND A MUNIFICENT BENEFACTOR.

H.H. the Maharaja of Patiala, the premier State of the Punjab, who died on March 23, aged only forty-six, was one of the ablest of the Indian Princes and well known in this country. In 1909 (nine years after his father's death) he received full ruling powers. In the war he sent about 28,000 men to the main fronts, and embarked with the first contingent at Bombay to lead it in person, but illness compelled his return to India. He also provided much war material, encouraged recruitment, and contributed generously to war loans and charities. In 1918 he represented India, with Lord Sinha, at the last Imperial War Conference and visited battle-fronts in France, Belgium, Italy and Palestine. Later he gave valuable aid during the Punjab disturbances of 1919, and in the third Afghan War went to the front on the staff of the G.O.C. In 1935 he attended the Silver Jubilee of King George V. He was Chancellor of the Chamber of Princes in 1926-1930, twice visiting London, and again from 1930 to 1936, taking a prominent part in the negotiations leading to the new Federal system in India. He was one of the best shots in India, played polo there and at Hurlingham, captained the Indian cricket team in England in 1911, promoted cricket, tennis, hockey and athletics in India, and bred British sporting dogs. He was also an art collector on a large scale and possessed a vast library. When in his full Durbar regalia he wore jewels valued at £6,000,000. (Photograph by Vandyk.)

Mr. Bell that he might have called his book, in a sub-title, "a contribution to the history of the mutability of taste."

The works of Thomas Banks have not escaped the ills that marble flesh is heir to. "What was esteemed by himself," we read, "and accepted by others as his finest statue, after surviving for more than a century in a plaster model, was only recently broken up. Scarcely any of his sepulchral monuments passed unscathed through the contumelious treatment accorded in church restorations of the Victorian Age to memorials of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. His two huge groups of statuary in St. Paul's have had their original effect stultified by being shifted from the places they were expressly designed to occupy, and by being deprived of their plinths. A few marbles have been destroyed by fire, one unusually elaborate monument in Ireland as a result of civil war.

FIGHTING-PLANES OF THE POWERS: III.—FRENCH FIRST-LINE MACHINES.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST G. H. DAVIS.



THE FRENCH AIR FORCE, WHICH IS BEING RAPIDLY REORGANISED AND EXPANDED: TYPES OF THE FIRST-LINE FIGHTERS AND BOMBERS AT PRESENT MOST IN USE, INCLUDING TWO FIGHTERS WITH "MOTEUR-CANONS."

We here continue our series of illustrations of fighting' planes of the Great Powers. The Air Forces of Great Britain and Germany were dealt with in our last issue. On this page are seen some of the French military machines most in use at the moment. It should be explained, however, that the French Air Force is now in process of active reorganisation and expansion, and that a number of even more formidable aircraft are now being adopted. The standard Air unit in France is the group, which is composed of two "escadrilles," formations which, generally speaking, are rather smaller than R.A.F. squadrons. Two groups

form an "escadre." The strength is at present somewhere in the neighbourhood of the following figures: Home, 2000 machines, with an additional 550 in reserve; Navy, 110 machines and a few in reserve; Overseas, 450 machines and 130 in reserve. There are, in addition, three dirigibles. The total personnel is about 40,000 of all ranks. There are four "Commands" in France—Metz, Paris, Lyons, and Tours. In preparing this drawing, our special artist has had the assistance of that eminent authority on aeronautical matters, Mr. Leonard Bridgman, co-editor of Jane's "All the World's Aircraft."

GUARDING FRANCE'S COMMUNICATIONS WITH NORTH AFRICA



"SUFFREN," THE CRUISER "DUPLEX" ON MANOEUVRES—HER FORE AND AFT FUNNELS ARE PAINTED WITH THE TRICOLOUR TO DENOTE HER NATIONALITY.



ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR "HOSTILE" AIRCRAFT: A MEMBER OF "L'INDOMPTABLE'S" CREW STATIONED AT ONE OF THE FOUR 13-MM. A.A. GUNS.



COMMUNICATING WITH ANOTHER UNIT OF THE SQUADRON DURING THE MANOEUVRES: A SEAMAN IN THE "MISTRAL" MANIPULATING AN INSTRUMENT FOR ALIGNING THE SIGNALLING-LAMP ON THE OTHER SHIP.



LAVING A SMOKE-SCREEN DURING THE MEDITERRANEAN MANOEUVRES: THE CRUISER "COLBERT," FLAGSHIP OF THE SQUADRON, CONCEALING HER MOVEMENTS FROM THE "ENEMY."

General Franco's recent statement that the Carlists would be under his control, and the presence of German and Italian volunteers in his army has necessarily concentrated attention on the French Mediterranean squadron, on which depends France's vital communications with North Africa and her Far Eastern Empire. In December, when the Naval Estimates, totalling some £30,000,000, were passed by the Chamber of Deputies, the Chairman and Rapporteur of the Naval Committee of the House declared that France was running the risk of falling

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AND THE FAR EAST: THE MEDITERRANEAN SQUADRON.



THE "EYES" OF THE SQUADRON: A SEAPLANE ABOUT TO BE CATAPOULTED FROM THE FLAGSHIP "COLBERT," BEHIND WHICH CAN BE SEEN THE CRUISERS "SUFFREN" AND "TOURVILLE" AND THEIR ATTENDANT DESTROYERS, DURING THE MANOEUVRES IN THE MEDITERRANEAN AT WHICH VICE-ADMIRAL DARLAN, CHIEF OF THE NAVAL STAFF, WAS PRESENT.

cruiser "Duplex" was completed in 1931 and is armed with eight 5-in. guns and eight 35-in. A.A. guns. The "Colbert," her sister-ship, which has a fore-topmast, is flagship of the squadron. Each carries three aircraft with two catapults and has a radius of 5000 miles at 15 knots. The photograph taken on the destroyer "Mistrail," a vessel completed between 1926-27 and armed with four 5-in. guns, shows a rating receiving orders by means of a loud-speaker and manipulating an instrument which sets the signalling-lamp at the correct angle and line for communicating with a passing ship. "L'Indomptable"

is a destroyer of the "Fantasque" class and is armed with five 5.5-in. guns and four 13-mm. A.A. guns. She has four depth-charge throwers and nine torpedo-tubes. Her speed exceeds 43 knots and a sister-ship, "Le Terrible," is believed to have reached a record speed of 45-25 knots on trials. The "Strasbourg," sister-ship of the battleship "Dunkerque," which was completed last year, is expected to be finished this year and the two 35,000-ton battleships "Jean Bart" and "Richelieu" are likely to be ready in 1939 and 1940 respectively. Each will carry four aircraft.

"FAREWELL" TO THE FIRST SEA LORD: MANNING SHIP AT GIBRALTAR.



THE CREWS OF THE COMBINED FLEETS MANNING SHIP AT THE DEPARTURE OF LORD CHATFIELD, THE FIRST SEA LORD, FROM GIBRALTAR FOR ENGLAND: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM THE "RODNEY"; SHOWING THE ADMIRAL'S BARGE PASSING IN FRONT OF THE "SUSSEX."

The second phase of the Exercises of the combined Home and Mediterranean Fleets—held in the Atlantic to the South and West of the approaches to the Straits of Gibraltar—finished on March 18. The fleets were divided into two sections—Red and Blue. The Red fleet had its bases at Madeira and Teneriffe, and the Blue fleet at the Azores. The idea was to investigate problems arising out of a raid in force against narrow waters with the defensive forces on the flank. Lord Chatfield, the First Sea Lord, attended the Exercises in H.M.S. "Nelson," the flagship of Admiral

Sir Roger Backhouse, Commander-in-Chief, Home Fleet. His visit was an informal one, and will probably be his last opportunity of going to sea with the fleet, as he retires next September. After the fleets had returned and were lying at Gibraltar the entire crews manned ship and cheered Lord Chatfield as his barge passed to take him to the liner in which he was returning to England—an act which took on a certain symbolical significance as a "farewell" to the very distinguished officer, who was Beatty's flag-captain at Jutland. (Charles E. Brown.)

A NAVAL REPLY TO THE AERIAL BOMBER: THE 4-INCH ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN.



COUNTERING THE AIR MENACE AT SEA: THE GAS-MASKED CREW OF ONE OF THE "REVENGE'S" EIGHT 4-IN. A.A. GUNS AT THEIR ACTION-STATION, READY TO REPEL ENEMY BOMBERS DURING THE COMBINED FLEET EXERCISES IN THE ATLANTIC.

In face of the air menace, the Royal Navy has three duties. It must protect itself; it must guarantee the safety of merchant-shipping; and, lastly, it must give assistance to the air defence forces on land. The authorities are now confident that the Navy need not fear air attack on itself, the number of high-angle guns of great accuracy with which new and old ships are equipped ensures this; while the Admiralty is building up a powerful and mobile force which will protect convoys from enemy

air-raiders. To assist the defence on land, sea patrols will give warning of approaching aircraft and, whenever possible, engage them with anti-aircraft guns and launch counter-offensives by means of the Fleet Air Arm. Our photograph shows the gas-masked crew of one of the eight 4-in. A.A. guns mounted in the battleship "Revenge" at their action-station during the Combined Fleet Exercises in the Atlantic. The Home Fleet was again "attacked" as it returned to its home-ports. (Photographic News Agencies.)

**"RED" SAND-TABLE TRAINING, CROQUET, AND WAR IN BEING:
WITH THE CHINESE COMMUNIST GUERRILLAS FIGHTING THE JAPANESE.**



WITH THE CHINESE FORCES ON THE UPPER YELLOW RIVER VALLEY: THE TEDIOUS WORK OF TRANSFERRING WOUNDED FROM BARGES TO LAND CONVEYANCES.

THE Chinese Eighth Route Army, composed of Chinese Communist troops, has become famous for its guerilla operations against the Japanese in the remote North-West, whence little reliable news ever reaches European newspapers. These Communists, who have allied themselves with the Chinese Central Government in face of the common foe, came originally from areas south of the Yangtze. By an amazing march—or, rather, mass-migration—of over 6000 miles through Szechuan and Kansu and the wilds of the interior, the Communists arrived 20,000 strong in Shensi, in the distant North-Western hinterland. How many tens of thousands perished in the course of this "trek" will never be known. The "Sian incident," when Chiang Kai-shek was held captive by Chang Hsueh-liang, led to an agreement between the

[Continued below.]



THE COMMANDER OF THE CHINESE "RED" ARMY WHICH IS WAGING A DOGGED GUERRILLA WARFARE AGAINST THE JAPANESE: GENERAL CHU-TEH.



CHINESE COMMUNIST CAVALRY EXERCISING: A FORCE WHICH ORIGINATED IN REGULAR TROOPS WHICH WENT OVER TO THE REDS, AND IS NOW FIGHTING THE JAPANESE.



"SAND-TABLE" TRAINING FOR THE COMMUNIST GUERRILLAS FIGHTING THE JAPANESE: A CRUDE MAP OF N.E. SHANSI WITH PAPER SOLDIERS REPRESENTING A JAPANESE UNIT; WALLED TOWNS; AND RAILWAYS.



EDUCATING RECRUITS TO THE CHINESE COMMUNIST ARMIES: LADS DOING THEIR COURSE OF WRITING; WITH GENERAL CHU-TEH'S WIFE ON THE RIGHT, WEARING A JAPANESE OVERCOAT.



CROQUET—THE FAVOURITE RELAXATION OF THE IMPLACABLE COMMUNIST GUERRILLA!—ONE OF THE BOY VOLUNTEERS KNOWN AS "SMALL DEVILS," MAKING A SHOT; WITH HIS MAUSER HOLSTER PROMINENTLY DISPLAYED.

Reds and the Central Government. When the Japanese invaded Northern China the Communist forces turned their aptitude for guerilla warfare against them. Exactly how successful they have been is difficult to tell. Although Japanese forces claim to have penetrated deep into Shansi, it seems that in much of the occupied area they hold little more than the railway-lines. Our photographs, it may be stated, were furnished by Miss Frances B. Roots, whose father, Bishop

Roots, will, no doubt, be known to some of our readers familiar with China. The Chinese "sand-table" will interest all who have been engaged in training soldiers. In the lower left-hand corner is seen the walled town of Tai-yuan-fu. The object of the guerrillas is, of course, to cut railways (note the wrecked model locomotive) and telegraph-wires, and harass the Japanese on the main highways. They also organise the assistance of the peasant and farming communities.

THE "SMALLEST HORSE" GRAND NATIONAL: BATTLESHIP;
HIS SIRE, MAN O' WAR; AND HIS JOCKEY, THE YOUNGEST TO WIN THE RACE.



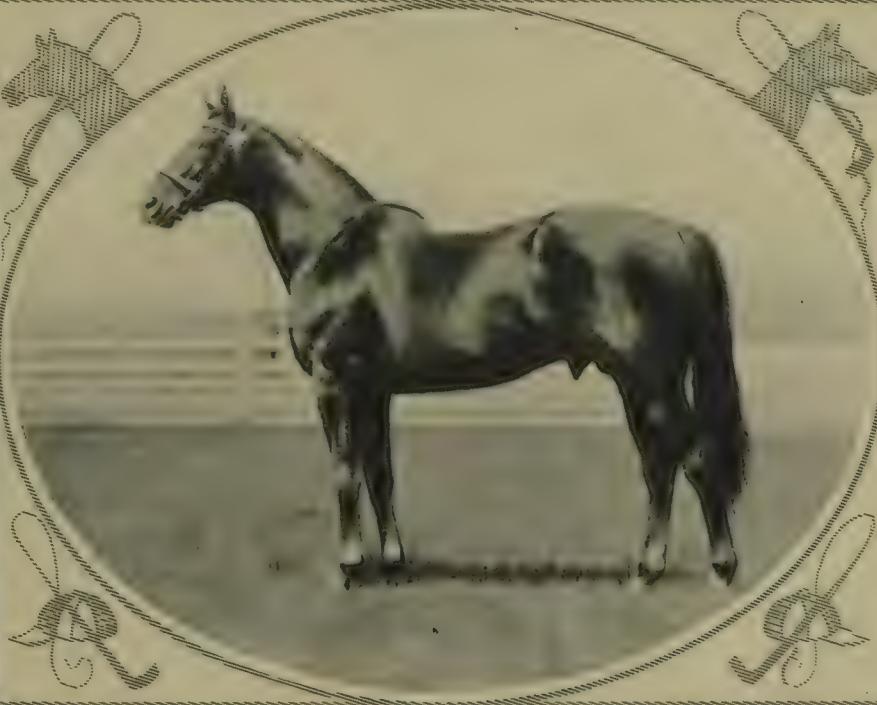
WINNER OF THE GRAND NATIONAL BY A HEAD: BATTLESHIP, THE AMERICAN HORSE OWNED BY MRS. MARION SCOTT AND RIDDEN BY SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD BRUCE HOBBS. (Keystone.)



DWARFED BY HIS ESCORT OF POLICE HORSES: BATTLESHIP, ONE OF THE SMALLEST HORSES TO WIN THE GRAND NATIONAL, BEING LED IN, WITH BRUCE HOBBS UP. (Sport and General.)



COOLING OFF AFTER HIS GREAT RACE: THE AMERICAN HORSE BATTLESHIP, WHO, HAVING WON THE AMERICAN GRAND NATIONAL FOUR YEARS AGO, HAS NOW BROUGHT OFF AN UNEQUALLED RECORD "DOUBLE." (Sport and General.)



THE SIRE OF BATTLESHIP: MAN O' WAR, WINNER OF TWENTY OF THE TWENTY-ONE RACES IN WHICH HE RAN AND SECOND IN THE ONE HE LOST—PROBABLY THE GREATEST THOROUGHBRED AMERICA HAS PRODUCED. L. S. Sutcliffe.



THE DRAMATIC FINISH TO THE GRAND NATIONAL, WHEN NONE OF THE BEST-FANCIED HORSES WAS IN THE FIRST THREE: BATTLESHIP (LEFT), RUNNING WIDE, PASSING THE POST A HEAD IN FRONT OF ROYAL DANIELI (RIGHT), WHO WAS FIRST OVER THE LAST FENCE. (Wide World.)

The American horse Battleship, which won the Grand National by a head from Royal Danieli, is owned by Mrs. Marion Scott, the wife of Mr. Randolph Scott, the film actor. He is trained by Mr. R. Hobbs and was ridden by his son, Bruce Hobbs, who, at the age of seventeen, is the youngest jockey to have won the race. Battleship is eleven years old and was sired by Man o' War, once described as "perhaps the greatest thoroughbred which America has produced." He is one of the few entire horses that have won the Grand National and also

one of the smallest (15 hands and 2 inches). Four years ago he won the American Grand National and has thus set up a record which is not likely to be equalled. Mrs. Scott bought the horse when he was four years old and schooled him at her home. She intends to take him back to America next year and send him to the stud. The trainer, Mr. Hobbs, who had got the horse into perfect condition, was not very confident in his chance of winning, as he considered that he did not possess the necessary size and scope for the Grand National course.

THE ODDEST OF ENGLISH ECCENTRICS.

"MADCAP'S PROGRESS": By RICHARD DARWALL.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

IT is a hundred years since "Nimrod" Apperley published his memoirs of his friend John Mytton. Not much has come to light since, though Mr. Darwall has found some new material, election addresses, etc., in newspaper files and elsewhere. However, the astonishing story bears retelling, and it is agreeable to renew acquaintance with the amusing pictures by Alken and others, even though some of them, originally coloured, are here given in monochrome.

Mr. Darwall starts in a way which has become fashionable with biographers: that is to say, with picturesque but rather superfluous background. "The child arrived, precipitately, two months before he was expected, on the

The story of his life is the story of his escapades. He started well by being expelled from both Westminster and Harrow. He entered for Cambridge and prepared for his advent by ordering three pipes (equal to 2142 bottles) of port to be sent to him there. However, the wars ended and he went abroad instead, serving briefly in a Hussar regiment of the Army of Occupation. Later he did officiate for a year as High Sheriff and was even elected to Parliament at twenty-three. "To Westminster John Mytton did, in due course, proceed. It was a hot day. . . . Within the House the air was foetid, there was a smell of hot morocco leather and warm seasoned wood; a Member was deplored without emphasis the restive spirit of

the people and citing cases of rick-burning. The Member droned on. John Mytton remained for a while, and then, intolerably bored, he left. He had been in the House for just half an hour. Within the hour he was posting back to Shropshire. It was his only appearance at Westminster." That is the sum of his public services; he had the impudence to stand on a later occasion, but was

companion ventured, with signs of alarm, to protest about the pace.

"Was you never much hurt then by being upset in a gig?" cried John.

"No, thank God," answered the other fervently, "for I was never upset in one."

"What!" cried John, "Never upset in a gig? What a damned slow fellow you must have been all your life! and promptly ran the near wheel up the bank and over they went, horse, gig, and all."

He was a magnificent shot, but few of his peers would emulate his extreme of keenness. "He once lay down in the snow to wait for wild-fowl clad in the sole but admirable camouflage of his night-shirt; a feat only equalled later by his pursuit of some ducks across the ice stark naked." For money he had the greatest contempt, especially sharing Cobbett's hatred of paper money. To show his loathing of the latter he would throw great wads of it away in the woods: "It was also his fancy sometimes to spread a £5 note upon a piece of bread and eat it." But his tastes in food were as odd as everything else about him: "It was also his custom to consume a fantastical number of filbert-nuts. On a journey by post-chaise from London to Halston a friend and himself loaded the carriage with filberts, and when they arrived sat up to their knees in the shells of them. In a season he would consume two cartloads of nuts, which he purchased from a sporting hairdresser in Shrewsbury. John once profoundly shocked this man, to whom he often gave a day's shooting, by tossing off a bottle of lavender-water by way of a



ONE OF SQUIRE MYTTON'S SHOOTING EXPLOITS: THE ECCENTRIC SPORTSMAN, CLAD ONLY IN HIS NIGHTSHIRT, WAITING FOR WILD-FOWL IN THE SNOW.

From a Coloured Engraving by Alken.

last day of September 1796, at Halston Hall, in Shropshire. The world of 1796 was a disturbed one: at home the price of corn was causing murmurs of discontent and Napoleon Bonaparte, leading one of the armies of revolutionary France, was driving the Austrians out of Italy, north and east across Europe towards Vienna. As if perturbed by the harsh turmoil of these new events, the familiar figures of the dying century were trooping silently and delicately away, to the strains of a rapidly fading minuet. For many years Europe was to be obsessed with more brutal sounds, that were to rise above the gentle music of the balls and routs of the Empire as well as those of the Duchess of Richmond. With the passing of those cultured classic figures a certain gentility departed from the western world; the polite drawing-room comedy was over; the curtain rose upon a burlesque that was sometimes humorous, sometimes tragic, that was often raucous, and never overburdened with refinement or sensibility."

Most of this would do just as well as the opening of a life of Keats, Shelley, Byron or Beau Brummell. However, after a certain amount of landscape we get to Mytton, and of all the English eccentrics he was certainly one of the oddest.

His father died young and he inherited £18,000 a year and £60,000 in cash; at the age of thirty-seven he died and *The Times* reported the inquest thus: "On Monday an inquest was held in the Bench Prison on the body of John Mytton, who died there on the preceding Saturday. . . . His princely munificence and eccentric gaieties obtained him great notoriety in the sporting and gay circles both in England and on the Continent. Two medical attendants stated that the immediate cause of death was disease of the brain (delirium tremens) brought on by the excessive use of spirituous liquor." Hardly to be wondered at, since in his later years he had substituted six bottles of brandy a day for the six bottles of port (he had one beside him as he shaved in the morning) to which he had modestly confined himself in youth. Gone were the hounds, and the gigs and the race-horses; the great house was shut up; one wife had died and another had left him; he had developed into something near a maniac. Yet when they took his dead body back to Shropshire the shops in Shrewsbury closed and three thousand people followed him to the grave. For, scamp and wastrel as he was, he had provided countless good stories and he was as brave as a lion.

not elected. For the rest, his story is one of tremendous riding and driving feats, broken bones, hairbreadth escapes, and reckless gambling and drinking. As Mr. Darwall says, had he lived in the motoring age he wouldn't have survived a week. He was not yet of age when he won £150 by driving his tandem across country at night, taking *en route* "a three-yard sunk fence, a deep ditch, and a couple of quickset hedges with ditches on the far side." Such feats he performed with nonchalance (he never talked much) and his



SMASHING UP A GAMBLING "HELL": JOHN MYTTON AND A PARTY OF FRIENDS TAKING THE LAW INTO THEIR OWN HANDS ON DISCOVERING THAT A ROUGE-ET-NOIR TABLE WAS CROOKED. (From a Coloured Engraving by Alken.)



A JEST WHICH RESULTED IN THE JOKER BEING BITTEN IN THE LEG: SQUIRE MYTTON RIDING A BEAR INTO HIS DINING-ROOM TO THE CONSTERNATION OF HIS GUESTS.

From a Coloured Engraving by Alken.

Reproductions from "Madcap's Progress," by Courtesy of the Author and Publishers, Messrs. J. M. Dent and Sons.

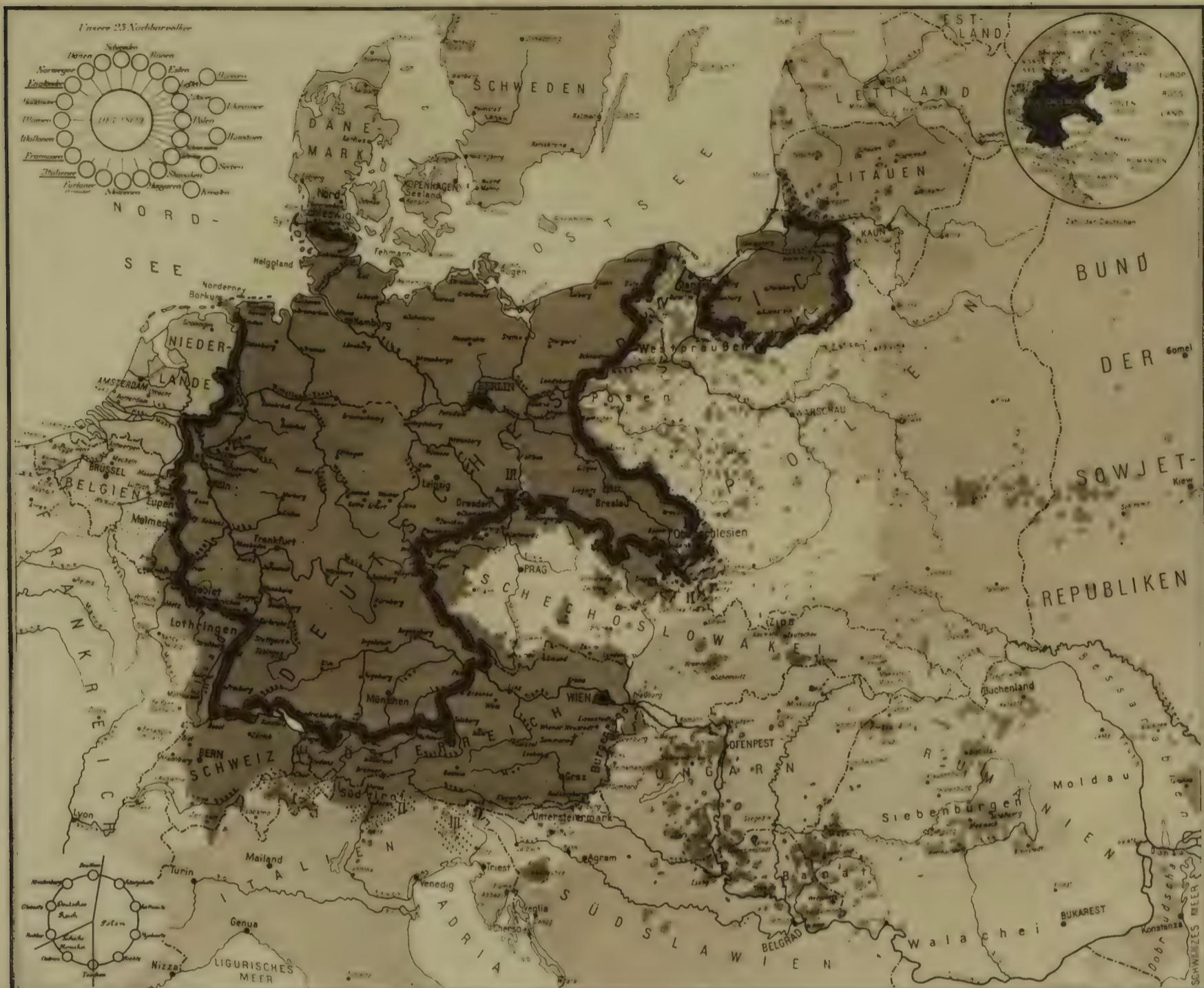
stamina and strength were amazing. Hunting he "would have a relay of hacks waiting along the road, would ride forty to fifty miles to the meet, do a hard day's hunting, and ride home again on the hacks—and this on successive days." As for driving: "About his 'road-hogger' there was always a touch of humour, a spark that lit almost all his exploits, even the most reprehensible. He was driving along one day at his usual rapid pace, so the story goes, when his

chest-warmer from the night air." As for his practical joking: "In the comparatively small world in which he lived its manifestations had something of the same effect as a depth-charge in a fish-pond." The story of the dog-fight in his drawing-room is a good one; but better the episode of the bear in the dining-room. He had a party of men to dinner, left them with a peculiar look in his eye, and returned on the back of a huge unmuzzled bear, spurring it and crying, "Tally-ho!" The guests leapt on tables and chairs; the bear bit Mytton's leg; and the servants came to the rescue. The bear reappears when Mr. Underhill, a friend of Mytton's, got dead-drunk and was put to bed with the bear and two bulldogs. Even his wife was victimised; she had to stand by the font and hear one of her sons christened "Euphrates" after a successful racehorse. The poor child did not grow up; otherwise it would have had a bad time at school.

It is all very deplorable, and the end distressing. But in an age which doesn't encourage eccentricity and colour I can hardly bring myself to wish that John Mytton had never run his prodigal course. He had the defects of his qualities; men of his dare-devil bravery are apt to be a bit wild in other regards, and he had many eminent and respectable contemporaries whom nobody will ever think it worth while to biographise. Squire Osbaldestone managed to split the difference between conventionality and sheer lunacy more successfully.

What on earth, by the way, does Mr. Darwall mean by saying: "The month was October, the month in which, of all others, the pheasant is at its best"?

GREATER GERMANY: PROPAGANDA MAPS; AND VIENNA ARYANISED.



PAN-GERMAN PROPAGANDA IN A SCIENTIFIC GUISE: A LINGUISTIC MAP OF EUROPE CALLING ATTENTION TO THE GERMAN-SPEAKING GROUPS—INCLUDING THOSE IN FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, HUNGARY, RUMANIA, CZECHOSLOVAKIA, POLAND AND RUSSIA.



NAZI PROPAGANDA IN VIENNA: A PORTRAIT OF HERR HITLER AND NOTICES TO BE DISPLAYED IN SHOPS TO SHOW THAT THEY ARE ARYAN CONCERNs. (Associated Press.)

THE working of the Pan-German conception of Central Europe was described and illustrated by a series of maps in our last issue. Since the invasion of Austria, speeches by German leaders have left no doubt as to the continued influence of Pan-German ideas. For instance, Herr Hitler, speaking in Berlin on March 28, reiterated his claim that all Germans in Europe should be united with the Reich, saying that by the Peace Treaties 10,000,000 of them had been made "stateless." On this page we deal with recent German propaganda; notably, a scientific-looking language-map arranged to "emphasise" the German's place in Europe. It is beautifully printed in numerous colours. It is misleading in several ways. Thus, although ostensibly only a language-map, it makes no differentiation between the High German and Low German dialects (a division usual in maps of this type), yet separates the Walloon-speaking area, though Walloon is only a French dialect, and divides Great Russia from White Russia—again only a matter of dialects. It also separates absolutely Czechs from Slovaks—a favourite contention of German propaganda, totally unjustified by the facts. It is more or less subtly misleading with regard to German minorities in Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Alsace-Lorraine, showing solid German-speaking blocks, where this is not the case. With regard to the Germans in Switzerland, the author of the map admits (in a column of descriptive matter) that "at times a strong sentiment of nationality largely obliterates the sentiment of common ancestry and cultural heritage." Germany is shown bordered by "Germanic peoples"—such as Swedes, Danes, Dutchmen, and Flemings—another somewhat misleading category.



THE NEW "GROSS-DEUTSCHLAND": A HUGE MAP DISPLAYED IN A VIENNA BUSINESS HOUSE AFTER THE INVASION AND ABSORPTION OF AUSTRIA. (Associated Press.)

NATURE'S "AIR-RAID": THE TORNADO—AND "WAR-DAMAGE" IN ITS WAKE.



REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE BIRTH OF A TORNADO IN COLORADO, U.S.A.: (FROM L. TO R.) THE LOW-HANGING CLOUDS SUDDENLY BEGIN TO SWIRL AND DIP TO THE GROUND; THE COLUMN SWIFTLY REVOLVES AND SWAYS, FIRST IN ONE DIRECTION AND THEN IN ANOTHER; THE TORNADO SETS OFF ACROSS THE COUNTRYSIDE; AND, FINALLY, FADES AWAY IN THE DISTANCE, DESTROYING EVERYTHING IN ITS PATH.



A TORNADO SWEEPS INTO BLYTHEVILLE, ARKANSAS: THE VAST COLUMN OF DUST-LADEN WIND ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE TOWN LEAVING A TRAIL OF WRECKAGE IN ITS WAKE. (Planet News.)



SUGGESTING HAVOC WROUGHT BY AIR-RAIDERS: IN BELLEVILLE, ILLINOIS, AFTER A TORNADO HAD SWEPT THROUGH THE TOWN, WRECKING BUILDINGS, KILLING EIGHT PERSONS, AND INJURING OTHERS. (Planet News.)



REMINISCENT OF PHOTOGRAPHS OF BUILDINGS IN BARCELONA AFTER AN AIR-RAID: ONE OF THE HOUSES AT BELLEVILLE WITH ITS WALLS TORN AWAY AND THE INTERIOR WRECKED BY A TORNADO. (Associated Press.)

The loss of life and the destruction that can be brought about by an air-raid is now known to all. Air-raid precaution plans can be made to deal with the air-invader, and to minimise the effects of his bombing. In the face of Nature's "air-raids," however, the victim is helpless, as became evident when a tornado swept south-eastern Missouri and south-western Illinois on March 15. Eighteen people were killed and many others were injured; while hundreds of buildings were wrecked. The towns which suffered most were Belleville, near St. Louis, where eight people

were killed, and Kennett, Missouri, where six died. The force of this "whirlwind" can be imagined from a report stating "hundreds of homes have been splintered like matchwood." Recently a tornado passed through a number of villages in the Dacca District of Bengal, killing 25 persons and injuring 150: so the tornado may be classed with the earthquake as one of Nature's irresistible and unexpected outbursts of "frightfulness." At sea the tornado takes the form of a water-spout and this is sometimes a source of danger to shipping in its path.

"WILL OXFORD REPEAT THEIR VICTORY?": THE INTER-VARSITY BOAT-RACE.



THE CAMBRIDGE CREW: (FROM L. TO R.) B. T. COULTON (DULWICH AND JESUS), BOW; A. M. TURNER (CRANLEIGH AND CORPUS CHRISTI), NO. 2; A. BURROUGH (ST. PAUL'S AND JESUS), NO. 3; T. B. LANGTON (RADLEY AND JESUS), NO. 4; J. L. L. SAVILL (RADLEY AND JESUS), NO. 5; G. KEPPEL (PRINCETON, U.S.A., AND TRINITY HALL), NO. 6; A. CAMPBELL (BARROW G.S. AND SELWYN), NO. 7; D. S. M. EADIE (OUNDLE AND FIRST TRINITY), STROKE; T. H. HUNTER (HARVARD, U.S.A., AND TRINITY HALL), COX.



SHOOTING HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE: THE CAMBRIDGE CREW DURING THEIR FULL-COURSE TRIAL ON THE THAMES FOR THE INTER-UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.



SETTING UP A NEW PRACTICE RECORD FOR THE STRETCH BETWEEN PUTNEY BRIDGE AND CHISWICK STEPS: THE OXFORD CREW SEEN FROM HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE.



THE OXFORD CREW: (FROM L. TO R.) J. L. GARTON (ETON AND MAGDALEN), BOW; H. M. YOUNG (WESTMINSTER AND TRINITY), NO. 2; R. R. STEWART (ETON AND MAGDALEN), NO. 3; H. A. W. FORBES (ST. PAUL'S AND MAGDALEN), NO. 4; J. P. BURROUGH (ST. EDWARD'S AND ST. EDMUND HALL), NO. 5; F. A. L. WALDRON (SHREWSBURY AND TRINITY), NO. 6; J. C. CHERRY (WESTMINSTER AND BRASENOSE), NO. 7; A. B. HODGSON (ETON AND ORIEL), STROKE; G. J. P. MERIFIELD (KING EDWARD VI. SCHOOL, SOUTHAMPTON, AND ST. EDMUND HALL), COX.

The Oxford University crew set up a new record for the stretch between Putney Bridge and Chiswick Steps on March 15. Their time was 11 min. 31 sec.—24 seconds better than the previous record set up by an Oxford crew in 1913. It will be

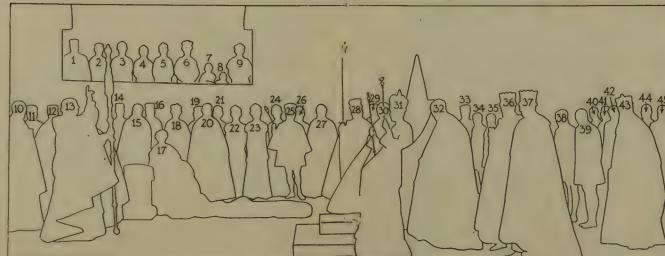
recalled that, after a long series of defeats by Cambridge, Oxford won the Boat-Race last year by three lengths, and the question everyone is asking is "Will they repeat their victory to-day (April 2)?" (Photographs by Topical, Planet and Sport and General.)



"THE CORONATION OF THEIR MAJESTIES KING GEORGE VI. AND QUEEN ELIZABETH, MAY 12, 1937": THE FRANK O. SALISBURY PICTURE TO BE SHOWN AT THE R.A.

THE High Commissioners for the four Dominions—Mr. Vincent Massey (Canada), Mr. S. M. Bruce (Commonwealth of Australia), Mr. W. J. Jordan (New Zealand), and Mr. J. M. de Water (Union of South Africa)—formally presented to the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace on March 25, this magnificent painting of the Coronation ceremony in Westminster Abbey, the work of Mr. Frank O. Salisbury. Mr. Massey, as Senior High Commissioner, read a letter from the Dominion Premiers who attended the Coronation—Mr. W. Mackenzie King (Canada), Mr. J. A. Lyons (Australia), Mr. J. Savage (New Zealand), and General J. B. M. Hertzog (South Africa)—asking His Majesty to accept the picture and expressing the hope that "this memento of an event which was one of deep significance and happiness may serve as a symbol of the loyalty and affection of your Majesty's peoples of the Dominions, on whose behalf the presentation is made." In accepting the gift, the King said that he intended to send a personal letter and a memento to each of the Prime Ministers. The painting measures 17 ft. by 10 ft. 6 in., and contains some forty portraits drawn from life. One art critic has described it as "a bold return to the grand manner of the older masters," giving

1. Earl of Stratmore.
2. Duke of Norfolk.
3. Duchess of Kent.
4. Duke of Cambridge.
5. Queen.
6. Queen Mary.
7. Queen Elizabeth.
8. Princess Margaret Rose.
9. Princess Elizabeth.
10. Dean of Westminster.
11. Earl Marshal (Duke of Norfolk).
12. Duke of Portland.
13. Duke of Grafton.
14. Duke of Rutland.
15. Bishop of St. Albans.
16. Lord Chancellor to the Queen (Earl of Arundel).
17. HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.
18. The Mistress of the Robes (Duchess of Northumberland).
19. Maid of Honour.
20. Lady in Waiting.
21. Maid of Honour.
22. Maid of Honour.
23. Maid of Honour.
24. Maid of Honour.
25. Maid of Honour.
26. Maid of Honour.
27. Maid of Honour.
28. Maid of Honour.
29. Maid of Honour.
30. Maid of Honour.
31. HIS MAJESTY THE KING.
32. Duke of Bath and Wells.
33. Duke of Kent.
34. Page boy.
35. Page boy.
36. Lord Great Chamberlain.
37. Page boy.
38. Page boy.
39. Page boy.
40. Mr. Hertzog, Premier, Union of South Africa.
41. Mr. Savage, Premier, New Zealand.
42. Mr. Lyons, Premier, Australia.
43. Mr. Jordan, Premier, New Zealand.
44. Mr. Mackenzie King, Premier, Canada.
45. Lord Baldwin.



FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANK O. SALISBURY, R.A. (WORLD COPYRIGHT RESERVED)

A PAINTING PRESENTED TO THE KING "AS A TOKEN OF LOYALTY AND AFFECTION BY CANADA, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, AND THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA."

dramatic prominence to the principal personages against a general background, instead of merely a display of masses of detail in diminishing perspective at the expense of action, as practised in conventional painting for nearly a century. When the picture was taken to Buckingham Palace the King and Queen were the first to see it, and expressed their delighted appreciation. Recalling his work upon it, Mr. Salisbury said to an interviewer: "During the Coronation ceremony I was making pencil sketches—there must be dozens of them—and, of course, I gathered a lot of detail at the rehearsals. Then came the individual portraits. The King and Queen both sat for me for more than an hour and a half at the Palace, wearing their full robes. Queen Mary and the Princess also gave me a sitting." Edward the Confessor's Crown was specially brought from the Tower for the artist to work from. At the moment, we understand from Mr. Salisbury that it still has some finishing touches to put to his painting. When thus completed it will be lent by the King to the Royal Academy exhibition, and, according to report, will afterwards be placed on free view for some time in one of London's public buildings before being returned to Buckingham Palace.

THE NAVY SHOWS ITS "TEETH": BATTLESHIP GUNS IN MIMIC WARFARE.



GUNS OF A BATTLESHIP AS IN ACTION: AN IMPRESSIVE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING TWO OF THE THREE FORWARD TRIPLE GUN-TURRETS OF H.M.S. "RODNEY" WITH THEIR SIX 16-INCH GUNS RAISED TO THEIR FULL ELEVATION, DURING EXERCISES IN THE ATLANTIC WEST OF GIBRALTAR.



WITH FOUR OF HER 15-INCH GUNS TRAINED ON THE "ENEMY": THE BATTLESHIP "REVENGE" (IN THE FOREGROUND) FOLLOWED BY THE "RAMILLIES," ANOTHER BATTLESHIP OF THE "RED" FORCE (HOME FLEET), STEAMING INTO "ACTION" AGAINST THE "BLUE" FORCE (MEDITERRANEAN FLEET) DURING THE MANŒUVRES. (Photographic News Agencies.)

Our photographs on this and the opposite page were taken during the recent Naval Exercises in the Atlantic west of Gibraltar, when every kind of operation was practised under conditions of mock warfare, including an extensive use of aircraft. Later, on the return of the fleets to their home ports, further combined sea and air exercises took place off the south coast. In connection with these

illustrations it may be recalled that there has been much discussion of late concerning the size and gun-power of capital ships. Consultations have been held at the Foreign Office, for example, between British, American and French naval experts, to consider the position arising from Japan's refusal to disclose details of her shipbuilding programme. It was regarded as certain that the Treaty

(Continued opposite)

AIRCRAFT VERSUS BATTLE-CRUISER: AN "ATTACK" BY AERIAL TORPEDO.



TESTING THE VALUE OF AIRCRAFT AGAINST CAPITAL SHIPS DURING THE RECENT NAVAL MANOEUVRES IN THE ATLANTIC: A MOCK AIR ATTACK AS SEEN FROM H.M.S. "REPULSE"—AN "ENEMY" AEROPLANE DROPPING A TORPEDO (SPLASHING INTO THE WATER) IN AN ATTEMPT TO "SINK" THE BATTLE-CRUISER. (Fox Photos.)

Continued.

maximum of 35,000 tons for capital ships would be raised to a figure exceeding 40,000 tons. Probably, therefore, the two British ships of this type which are to be built under the 1938 programme will surpass in dimensions the 42,100-ton

battle-cruiser, H.M.S. "Hood," at present the largest warship in the world. There have been reports from Washington which indicate that the new battleships of the United States Navy will have a tonnage somewhere between 43,000 and 45,000.

PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF NOTE: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



BISHOP TAYLOR SMITH.
Chaplain - General to the Forces, 1901-25. Died March 28; aged seventy-eight. Was Sub-Dean and Canon of St. George's Cathedral, Freetown, and Diocesan Missioner. Sierra Leone, 1890-97. Chaplain to the Forces of the Ashanti Expedition in 1895. (Vandyk.)



HERR HENLEIN.
Leader of the Sudeten Deutsche, whose party has been strengthened by its union with other German groups in Czechoslovakia. Is now insisting on new elections for Parliament and for the local governing bodies. Has an overwhelming majority in Parliament.



THE HON. CYRIL ASQUITH, K.C.
Appointed a King's Bench Judge in place of Mr. Justice Porter, who has been made a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary. Is fourth son of the late Earl of Oxford and Asquith. Appointed Recorder of Salisbury last year. Called to the Bar in 1920. (Barrett.)



MR. JUSTICE PORTER.
Appointed a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, in succession to Lord Maugham, the new Lord Chancellor. He was made a Judge in 1934. Previously, Recorder of Newcastle-under-Lyme, 1928-32, and of Walsall, 1932-34. Took silk in 1925. Elliott and Fry.



H.H. THE SULTAN OF MUSCAT AND OMAN.
Succeeded his father in 1932. Is visiting this country as a guest of H.M. Government for a period of a fortnight. Was received by the Secretary of State for India on March 29 and by H.M. the King, at Buckingham Palace, next day. (Central Press.)



SIR T. VANSITTART BOWATER, Bt.
Lord Mayor of London 1913-14. Died March 28; aged seventy-five. Was M.P. for the City of London from 1924; and Alderman of the City of London for the Ward of Castle Baynard 1907-31 and for Ward of Bridge Without from 1931. (Bassano.)



PRINCESS JULIANA'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN PUBLIC SINCE THE BIRTH OF HER DAUGHTER: H.R.H. AT A RACE MEETING; WITH PRINCE BERNHARD (LEFT).

Princess Juliana of Holland made her first appearance in public since the birth of her daughter, Princess Beatrix, when she attended a cross-country race meeting at Ede, near Arnhem, in Gelderland, on March 25. The baby Princess, who, it will be recalled, was born on January 31, is now nearly nine weeks old. (Sport and General.)



LORD CHATFIELD (RIGHT) RETURNING TO ENGLAND AFTER THE COMBINED FLEET EXERCISES—PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE BRIDGE OF THE LINER "RAJPUTANA."

As described on page 570, Lord Chatfield attended the recent combined exercises in the Atlantic in the "Nelson." He is seen here (with Paymaster Captain R. C. Jerram) on the bridge of the liner "Rajputana," escorted by destroyers through the Straits of Gibraltar. (Charles E. Brown.)



THE GRAND NATIONAL: THE WINNING WOMAN OWNER, MRS. MARION SCOTT, WITH HER TRAINER AND JOCKEY.

After his exciting win in the Grand National, Battleship was visited in his stable by his owner, Mrs. Marion Scott; his trainer, Mr. R. Hobbs; and the trainer's son, Bruce Hobbs, who, at seventeen years of age, is the youngest jockey to win the race. Photographs of Battleship, his sire, the famous Man o' War, and the finish of the race will be found on another page in this issue. Mrs. Scott is a member of the Dupont family. (Sport and General.)



THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT WILSON'S FAMOUS ENVOY: THE LATE COL. HOUSE.

Colonel House, famous as President Wilson's confidential adviser and envoy to Europe in the war years, died on March 28, aged seventy-nine. In 1914 he did his best to promote peace in European capitals. He performed great services to the Allies when America entered the war. He was a collaborator with Wilson in working out the "fourteen points"; but, for reasons that are obscure, parted company with Wilson when he returned to America in 1919. (Vandyk.)



DR. DOLLFUSS' CHILDREN IN EXILE: HIS SON RUDI AND HIS DAUGHTER EVA PHOTOGRAPHED IN SWITZERLAND.

At the time of the German invasion of Austria, Frau Dollfuss, widow of the murdered Chancellor, arrived at Budapest by car, accompanied by her two children. She then went to Switzerland, arriving at Fribourg on March 21. It was stated that she was a guest at the Castle of Middes, near Fribourg, which belongs to M. Musy, a prominent Swiss official, several times President of the Confederation. Frau Dollfuss was stated to be destitute. (Planet.)

ARABIA'S KING AS WAR-DANCER: A HOST TO BRITISH ROYALTY.



WHERE THE FIRST BRITISH ROYAL VISITORS TO SAUDI ARABIA—PRINCESS ALICE AND THE EARL OF ATHLONE—WERE ENTERTAINED BY THE EMIR SAUD, CROWN PRINCE: A WAR-DANCE (ARDHA) OUTSIDE THE PALACE AT RIYADH; SHOWING KING IBN SAUD (FACING CAMERA IN RIGHT CENTRE) TAKING PART IN THE DANCE.



HIS MAJESTY KING ABDUL AZIZ IBN SAUD (SHOWN STANDING IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND) SURROUNDED BY HIS WARRIORS DURING THE GREAT WAR-DANCE BEFORE THE MAIN GATE OF HIS PALACE AT RIYADH: THE RULER OF SAUDI ARABIA, WHO RECENTLY ENTERTAINED THE BRITISH ROYAL VISITORS AT JEDDAH.

These photographs are of special interest in view of the recent Arabian tour of Princess Alice Countess of Athlone and the Earl of Athlone, who, as the first British royal visitors to Saudi Arabia, were magnificently entertained at Jeddah by King Abdul Aziz Ibn Saud, and later by his son and heir, the Emir Saud, at Riyadh. There they were much impressed by the picturesque architecture of the city, and were presented by the Prince with a mare

and stallion of pure Arab blood. The above photographs were sent to us by Mrs. Dickson, wife of Lieut.-Col. H. R. P. Dickson. "Last October," she writes, "my husband and I were permitted by H.M. Government to accept a long-standing invitation to visit King Abdul Aziz Ibn Saud in his capital, Riyadh. We spent four days as his Majesty's guests. The King and all his sons took part in the war-dance. I witnessed it from a window of the Palace."

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

THE close season for "coarse-fish" fishing began with the month of March. These are the poor man's fish. What we call the "game fish"—the salmon and the trout—are not for him, for they demand a long purse and costly tackle. Moreover, the poor man is quite content with things as they are, for salmon and trout are not to be caught almost by the boat-load, as some of the "coarse fish," like the roach and the bream, are on many of the Norfolk Broads; though this year, owing to disastrous inroads of the sea, the fishing on some of these Broads for a year or two will probably be ruined.

There are no fewer than twenty-eight species of these "coarse fish," though of this number nine are too small save to be used as live bait for pike. But, so far as my experience goes, the interest of the fishermen in their quarry begins and ends with the catching of them. They seem, for example, rarely to have had their curiosity aroused as to the interpretation to be placed on the varied coloration of our native fishes.

The most striking, perhaps, in this regard are the perch, the roach, and the rudd. The perch is the handsomest of the three, and this on account of the vivid crimson of ventral and anal fins, contrasting with his white belly. The five dark vertical stripes which mark the sides, which have a golden tinge, probably serve to break up the solid appearance of the body amid reed-stems, and hence to enable prey to be approached by stealth. But what is to be said of the gaily-coloured fins of the undersurface? The first dorsal fin, shown half-closed in Fig. 1, when erected probably serves as a formidable weapon of offence, being made up of a row of sharp-pointed spines stretching between them a delicate fin-membrane with a scalloped edge. Its scales also serve as a sort of armour, for they are very tough and close-fitting. But their coloration, Dr. Tate Regan tells us—and we have no greater authority in this country—varies with age, locality, and season. The young are paler than the adults, and the males more vividly coloured than the females, and all are darker in the winter months.

They live in shoals in rivers, lakes, and ponds, and prefer deep pools or places where the current is slow and where the fry of other fish are to be found. But they have voracious appetites, feeding on insect-larvae, shell-fish, minnows, gudgeon, and bleak. Curiously enough, in Norfolk they are said to rather like a little salt water, and the largest are reputed to be taken where the water begins to turn brackish! In the matter of size they show a considerable range, depending, no doubt, on the food supply. A length of 18 in. and a weight of 4 to 5 lb. is reckoned a big fish, but specimens of perch up to 8 lb. have been recorded.

The nearest relative of the perch in our waters is the ruffe, a much smaller fish and very different in form and habits. The spiny first-dorsal fin-rays join up with the soft-rayed second dorsal, and the head has large cavities which exude a quantity of mucous, while the general coloration of the body is of a greenish-olive, marbled and spotted with brown or black. Owing to its small size, which does not exceed 7 or 8 in. in length, and is generally much less, it is not esteemed by the angler, to whom it is sometimes rather a nuisance, for it is a bold feeder and swims in shoals. But it has this merit, commonly overlooked: its

flesh is firm and of good flavour; some even prefer it to that of the perch, which makes excellent eating.

In March or April the ruffe, like the perch, migrates from the deep water where the winter was spent to the streams or gravelly shallows. The eggs are held together in a membrane, and as the end of this emerges, the female darts forward, twisting and turning so that this belt of

and thus is competition between the little ones lessened! The roach (Fig. 3), rudd, and bream probably rank next in importance with the "coarse-fish" fisherman. And so far as splendour goes, the prize must be awarded to the rudd, for its carmine-red ventral fins, large silver scales tinged with gold, and its red eyes enable it to be distinguished from its near relation the roach at once, for the latter has

but a touch of red on the lower fins. These two used to be taken, and perhaps still are, in the Norfolk Broads with rod and line in enormous numbers. The bream are notorious for the thick layer of mucus which covers them, and I am wondering whether it serves to protect them from the attacks of the fish-louse, Argulus. They will run up to 8 or 9 lb. in weight, and one is recorded from the Trent which weighed 17 lb. On the Continent still larger specimens are taken. The white bream, or bream-flat, is a much smaller fish and rather rare in this country, though found in the Norfolk Broads. Few, probably, save expert anglers, are aware of its existence, mistaking it for an immature specimen of the common bream.

There are several other species I should like to mention, but I want to contrast the spawning of roach with that of the perch, for the modes are very different. In April or May the roach make their way to the weedy shallows in a dense mass, and by their crowding are said sometimes to produce a sort of hissing sound. Small fish are thrust half out of the water by the pressure of the larger ones. The attendant males, which shed their sperm-cells over the eggs as they are laid, have the body at this time covered with small black conical tubercles, from head to tail. These must be regarded as "secondary sexual characters," though there seems to be no "courtship" here, with which such characters are always supposed to be more or less closely associated.

Finally, I want to draw the attention of anglers to a problem which, so far as I know, they have never tackled. This concerns the distribution of our native fresh-water fish in the British Isles. It will be possible here to do no more than indicate the nature of the difficulties which confront those who may be tempted to take up the subject. Why is it, then, that the bleak and the barbel are found only in England? The barbel only in certain rivers of Yorkshire, the Trent, and the Thames. The ruffe is unknown in Ireland or Scotland, but is fairly common on the east coast of England. The common bream and the rudd are both found in Ireland, but this is never true of the roach. The gudgeon is found in England and Ireland, but not in Scotland.

To explain these seeming eccentricities of distribution so far as Ireland is concerned, we must go back to at least Pleistocene times, when these two countries were joined by a common land surface with the Continent. The North Sea had not come into being, and a large lake extended,

roughly, from the level of North Wales to a little beyond the present confines of Northern Ireland. This occupied part of the area now filled by the Irish Sea. Thus many of the English rivers crossed this ancient land-bridge, and carried their fish with them. But when this became submerged, later arrivals on the western shores of England found their further wandering stopped; hence there are no moles in Ireland, and the common hare is also absent.



1. THE PERCH: A HANDSOME FISH WITH FIVE DARK STRIPES MARKING ITS GOLDEN-TINGED SIDES AND WITH VIVID CRIMSON VENTRAL AND ANAL FINS CONTRASTING WITH ITS WHITE BELLY.

The stripes probably help to conceal the fish from its prey when it is stalking it amid reed-stems. The spinous first dorsal fin (shown above partly closed) is a formidable weapon of offence.



2. LIKE THE ROACH, UNKNOWN IN IRELAND: THE CHUB, WHICH HAUNTS DEEP HOLES IN FAIRLY RAPID STREAMS AND FEEDS ON AQUATIC INSECTS AND THEIR LARVAE.



3. USELESS AS FOOD, BUT HELD IN GREAT ESTEEM BY ANGLERS: THE ROACH—ONE OF THE BEST-KNOWN OF OUR FRESH-WATER FISHES, BUT UNKNOWN IN IRELAND.

Photographs from life by E. Pedder.

eggs is drawn out in a string, when they are fertilised by the attendant males; the eggs then become invested in a coat of mucous, to float about, attached at one end, at the top of the water. In a few days the fry appear, and for about a month rest on the bottom, absorbing the remains of the yolk-sac before they begin to feed on minute organisms at the surface. Some presently fall victims to the ravenous appetites of their own parents,

FROM "WOODEN WALL" TO TRAINING-SHIP: THE "IMPLACABLE" APPEAL.

THE FOUR UPPER ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRY-POINTS BY LT.-COL. HAROLD WYLLIE, O.B.E., SUPERINTENDENT OF THE "IMPLACABLE." BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM.



THE "IMPLACABLE" (THEN THE FRENCH "DUGUAY-TROUIN") AT TRAFALGAR.
In the foreground the "Duguay-Trouin" exchanges broadsides with the "Victory" and "Téméraire" (both on the horizon to left). The "Bucentaure" (extreme left) is dismasted and captured. Ahead of the "Duguay-Trouin" the "Formidable" receives broadsides from British ships.



THE EPILOGUE TO TRAFALGAR: THE CAPTURE OF THE "DUGUAY-TROUIN."
In the left foreground the "Duguay-Trouin's" masts fall by the board as she is in the act of striking her flag. Looming through the smoke under her lee is the British 80-gun ship "César," while the "Hero" engages the "Duguay-Trouin" from to windward.



THE "IMPLACABLE" ENGAGING THE RUSSIAN "SEVOLOD" ON AUGUST 26, 1808.
The "Implacable" has just forced the Russian 74-gun "Sevolod" to lower her pendant, despite the close proximity of the main Russian fleet (right background). To left, the "Centaur," flying Sir Samuel Hood's flag (with the Swedish fleet far astern), hoists the signal of recall.



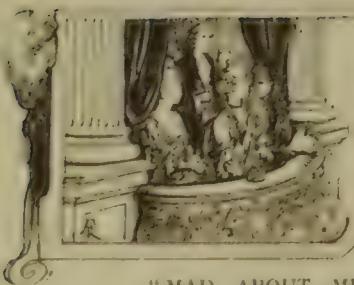
THE "IMPLACABLE" JOINS IN THE DESTRUCTION OF THE "SEVOLOD."
The "Sevolod," her pendant re-hoisted, receives broadsides from the "Centaur," lying athwart her hawse. To right, Russian boats, sent to tow the "Sevolod," retreat towards the Russian fleet. To left, the "Implacable" is able to silence the "Sevolod," which surrendered and was burnt.



THE LAST SURVIVOR OF TRAFALGAR STILL AFLOAT: H.M.S. "IMPLACABLE"—A PAINTING BY FRANK BRANGWYN, R.A.
Reproduced from the Special Colour Plate issued by F. Lewis (Publishers), Ltd., Leigh-on-Sea, and by the Fine Art Society, Ltd., New Bond Street.

TO-MORROW (Sunday, April 3) a broadcast appeal is to be made by Mr. Christopher Stone for funds for the upkeep of that grand old ship, the "Implacable," which, with the "Foudroyant," is anchored off Portsmouth, and doing splendid work in the sea training of boys and girls on holiday. In our issue of September 4 last, we illustrated a typical visit to the "Implacable" by Sea Rangers, a branch of the Girl Guides. A minimum of £2700 a year is needed annually for the ship's maintenance, and the appeal asks for regular subscribers. The above dry-points by Lt.-Col. Wyllie evoke exploits of the "Implacable" (originally a French man-o'-war) in her fighting days. After the battle of Trafalgar (October 21, 1805), four French ships, including the "Duguay-Trouin," escaped, but on November 2 were intercepted by a British squadron. The "Duguay-Trouin" was the last to surrender, and just as the order was given to haul down the tricolour the three masts fell together over the side. She was added to the Royal Navy under the name "Implacable." In 1808 she was one of the fleet sent to aid Sweden against Russia. A Russian "74"—the "Sevolod"—struck to her fire, but the "Implacable" was recalled before she could take possession, and Russian boats arrived to tow the "Sevolod" to safety. H.M.S. "Centaur" then came up, ran hard aboard, and poured broadsides. The "Sevolod's" bowsprit was lashed to the "Centaur's" mizzen rigging in an attempt to carry her off. Meanwhile the anchored Russian fleet showed signs of moving. The "Implacable" returned, and the "Sevolod" was captured. Captain Martin of the "Implacable" therupon turned his attention to hauling-off the "Centaur," which by magnificent seamanship was saved in the face of the enemy fleet. The crew of the "Sevolod" was taken off and she was set on fire. The address of the Honorary Treasurer of the "Implacable" Fund is c/o. the Society for Nautical Research, Greenwich.

The World of the Cinema.



"MAD ABOUT MUSIC."

FIFTEEN-years-old Deanna Durbin, whose third film, "Mad About Music," is now running at the Leicester Square Theatre, was one of the major sensations of the world of the cinema in 1937. For weeks before her first picture, "Three Smart Girls," reached this country, we were made familiar with her name and face. The film



"BRINGING UP BABY." AT THE GAUMONT, HAYMARKET: SUSAN (KATHARINE HEPBURN) CLIMBS A LADDER TO WATCH DAVID HUXLEY (CARY GRANT) AT WORK ON THE SKELETON OF A BRONTOSAURUS.

itself was an immediate and outstanding success. The advent of its successor, "100 Men and a Girl," was awaited with some apprehension. Would the astonishingly brilliant début of the youthful star prove but a flash in the pan of precocity, made as it had been with meteoric suddenness and without the backing of years of popular affection and carefully organised publicity? Such fears were groundless. Starred now with the famous Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra leader, Mr. Stokowski, Miss Durbin proved herself for the second time as an actress and even more emphatically as a singer.

"Mad About Music" carries her screen evolution a step further, for it is in this picture that the first suggestion of romance is allowed to weave its gentle and insinuating thread in and out the pattern of a deftly contrived comedy of sentiment and imagination. As the fatherless daughter of a popular film-star, it is essential to keep Miss Durbin's existence a secret from her mother's public in order to preserve the glamorous atmosphere of a screen career. Condemned to exile in a Swiss school, forbidden to mention her mother's professional name, the child finds herself at a disadvantage among her companions, each and all of whom are able to produce one or more parents—at any rate, on paper. And so she sets ingenuity to work to invent a father for herself, one whose exciting letters describing his big-game hunting and exploring expeditions in Africa soon become the weekly sensation of the schoolroom. But even such innocent deception is not entirely successful, and Miss Durbin presently finds herself in the difficult position of being obliged to produce her mythical parent in person if his existence is to survive the sceptical curiosity of certain of her classmates. Driven to desperation, she enlists the help of an English visitor to the village, meeting and annexing him at the station as her father and thereby setting afoot a sequence of events whose comedy implications are swiftly and ingeniously developed to fit their pleasant and amusing frame. Being Mr. Herbert Marshall, the visitor plays up to the unexpected situations in which he finds himself with chivalrous charm and resource, sharpening their humorous outlines with gentle incisiveness and leaving no doubt as to the ultimate solution of the entertaining problems that accompany them.

Against the slightly artificial pictur-esque of obviously studio backgrounds, the figure of Miss Deanna Durbin stands out as the incarnation of natural grace and vitality. She does not need to act. It is her individual and delightful personality which lends credibility to the very unacademic atmosphere of the girls' school and the amazing elasticity of the conditions under which its pupils come and go at will. Her singing, too, as in "100 Men and a Girl," has the same irresistible quality

of youthful challenge, governed by the technique of a mature and experienced performer. As unsophisticated but none the less amusing and satisfactory entertainment, "Mad About Music" boasts a further attraction in the person of Miss Marcia Mae Jones, an impish, quicksilver, round-eyed creature, who contributes an enchanting study as Miss Durbin's loyal ally, Olga. There is, too, Mr. Arthur Treacher's valet, whose chief annoyance at the discovery of his master's supposed possession of an exceedingly personable daughter is based, not on the sudden and startling information, but on his own exclusion from earlier participation in it—a characteristically comic portrayal with its sharply accentuated angles. The honour of appearing as Miss Durbin's first screen-lover falls to Mr. Jackie Moran, a very young actor of considerable ability, whose ingenuous suggestion of budding romance, which finds expression in boxes of chocolates and the desire to act as protector to its object, has a charming and sincere *naïveté*.

"BRINGING UP BABY."

Of quite different texture and considerably more sophisticated in both outlook and treatment, "Bringing Up Baby" (at the Gaumont, Haymarket) presents Miss Katharine Hepburn in a part which, though it is in many ways well suited to her individual gifts, is, apparently by design and not by accident, somewhat astonishingly

the irresponsible, exasperating, and very attractive Susan Vance, whose designs upon the bespectacled Dr. Huxley are drastically conceived and tempestuously carried out. That this Dr. Huxley is in reality Mr. Cary Grant is an unassailable guarantee that Miss Hepburn will not have things altogether her own way. Both as an actor and, usually, in regard to the material with which he is provided, Mr. Grant is a force to be reckoned with. His performance in "Bringing Up Baby" is, if less dynamic than some of those in which he has recently been seen, no less amusing in its bewildered helplessness and occasional determined efforts to control the stormy spate of events which follows his involuntary introduction to Miss Hepburn. Having just finished four years' work on the skeleton of a brontosaurus, he is eagerly awaiting the arrival of the last bone needed to complete the reconstruction—an event which synchronises happily with the eve of his own marriage to his blue-stocking secretary. But fate, in the person of the scenario-writer, decrees that this is more or less the moment at which he and Miss Hepburn shall meet—on the golf-course where Mr. Grant has betaken himself in order to talk tactfully to the lawyer of a wealthy widow who is about to make a donation of a million dollars to an, as yet, unnamed beneficiary. His plans for an attractive presentation of the case for his own museum are frustrated by the appearance of Miss Hepburn, and from then on the lady, having made up her mind with startling suddenness that he is the only man she has ever loved, pursues him systematically for her own ends. Her methods are made more complicated for Mr. Grant by the arrival of a tame leopard—the gift of her brother in South America. Desiring to convey the immaculately gentle and beguiling animal to her country house, she enlists Mr. Grant's help for the occasion by means of a successful, but unscrupulous, ruse, and from then on the poor man is caught up in a whirl of inconsequent and ridiculous happenings, all designed to prevent him from being in time to attend his own wedding.

In the handling of much of the material at her disposal Miss Hepburn is as adept as Mr. Grant with his, and she is to be commended for her courageous acceptance of its purely farcical, almost slapstick, elements. Moreover, she does contrive to invest the fey, feckless Susan with



"MAD ABOUT MUSIC": GLORIA (DEANNA DURBIN) EXPLAINS TO HER "PRETENCE-FATHER," RICHARD TODD (HERBERT MARSHALL), THE SIGNIFICANCE OF "CROSSED-FINGERS."

"MAD ABOUT MUSIC," AT THE LEICESTER SQUARE THEATRE: GLORIA HARKINSON (DEANNA DURBIN; RIGHT) FINDS THAT HER "PRETENCE-FATHER," RICHARD TODD (HERBERT MARSHALL), CAN BE A VERY ENTERTAINING PARENT.

some solidity as a character, despite the effervescent and wildly hilarious nature of her story. A characteristic portrayal of a big-game hunter by Mr. Charles Ruggles is a welcome addition to the generally entertaining progress of a picture whose headlong course is nearly always oblivious of rhyme or reason, and which does indeed merit the epithet "crazy"—though flatteringly, not derogatively, applied. As such it is a pleasantly joyous experience to which the animal members of the cast contribute in no small measure—the leopard "Baby" of the title, the "bad" leopard, let out by mistake from the circus van and heroically brought back alive by Miss Hepburn in the belief that it is her own missing pet, and the terrier, George, whose theft and concealment of the precious brontosaurus bone provide some of the gayest moments of the whole piece. M. E. N.

A LOST BUST OF ROUSSEAU; NOW IN LONDON: A UNIQUE WORK AS A LOT.

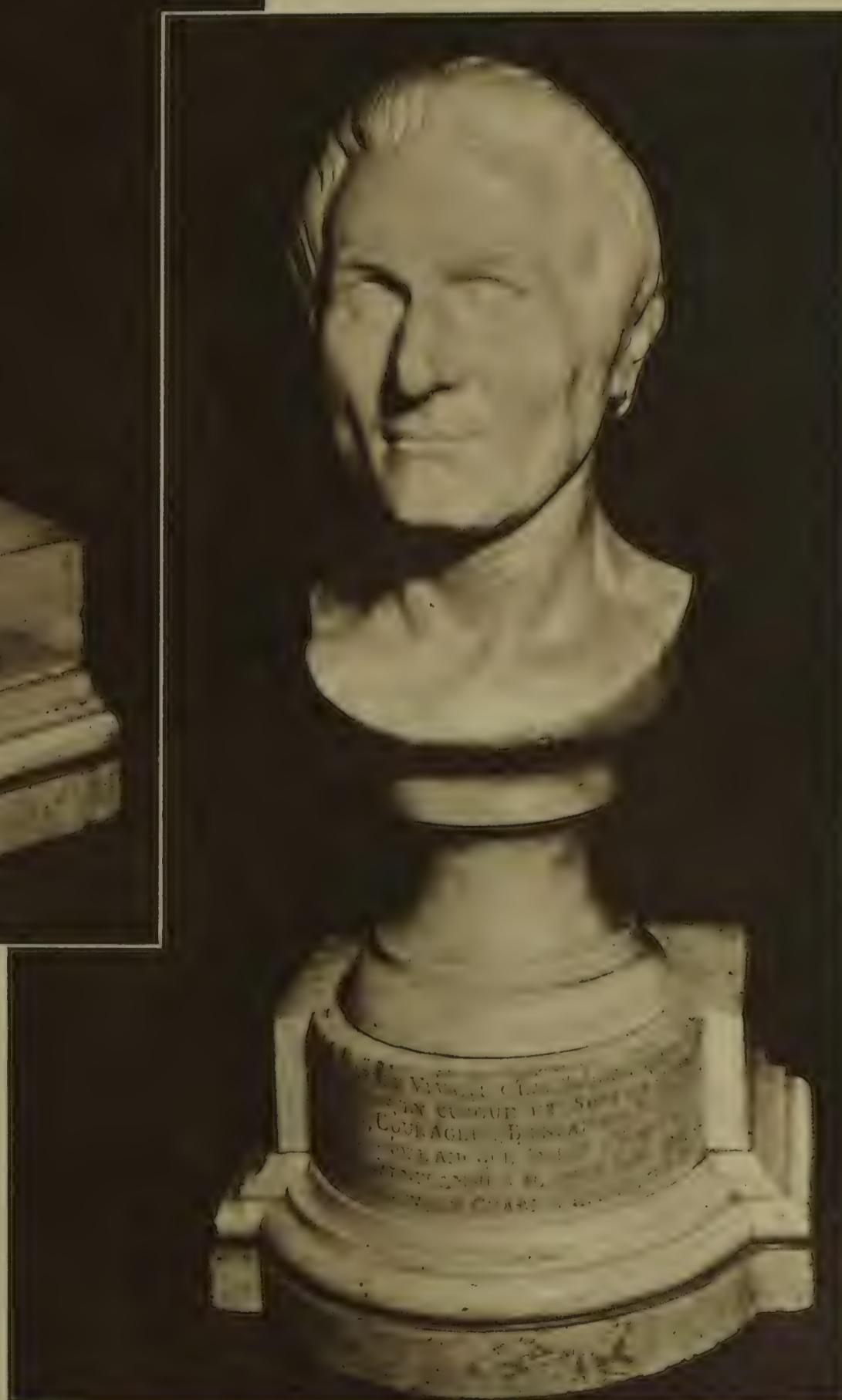
REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. SOTHEBY AND CO., 34, NEW BOND STREET, W.1.



A BUST of Jean Jacques Rousseau, by J. B. Lemoyne, lost since 1779, when it fetched 750 livres in a sale in France, has been recovered and will be sold at Messrs. Sotheby's on April 8. The find is important. The portrait was never engraved, so all record of it was lost; other portraits of the philosopher are rare. It is the only bust of Rousseau done from life (Houdon worked from a death mask taken by himself). Except for a water-colour doubtfully ascribed to Carmontel, a sketch by Huel, and a few slight engravings, the only portraits are those by Allan Ramsay and Maurice Quentin de La Tour, both fashionable portraitists who flattered their sitters. Although Rousseau appears to have been pleased with the La Tour, Diderot condemned it as giving a false impression, and it is recorded that Rousseau had his wig specially curled for the sittings. Passing through Paris in 1766 on his way to England, Rousseau gave several sittings to Lemoyne at the instigation of David Hume, secretary to the British Embassy. On seeing the finished work, Rousseau actually burst into tears of pleasure, so delighted was he with it. Rousseau

[Continued above on right.]

was fifty-three when this bust was carved, in 1766. He had already been exiled from France and condemned in various Swiss cantons; but he hoped to find an asylum in England. Later, when Houdon was commissioned to do his busts of Voltaire and Rousseau for the Comédie Française, his rival sculptor, J. J. Caffieri, presented Lemoyne's terracotta model for the present bust to the Comédie Française, pointing out that it was a more sincere, and far more interesting, portrait of the artist. But the Comédie Française lost or broke this portrait, and it is the bust by Houdon that they have to-day, companion to the same artist's brilliant portrait of Voltaire. In the finished marble bust which has now turned up, fully signed by Lemoyne and inscribed with verses by Ducis, the translator of Shakespeare, the finest and most satisfying portrait of the philosopher has been recovered. The sculptor, Jean Baptiste Lemoyne (1704-1778), was the son of J. L. Lemoyne, also a sculptor—as were many of his ancestors. Another terracotta bust by Lemoyne of Rousseau (greatly inferior to the work illustrated) is also known to have existed.



THE ONLY BUST OF JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU DONE FROM THE LIFE BROUGHT TO LIGHT; AND TO BE AUCTIONED: A LONG-LOST WORK, BY J. B. LEMOYNE, WHICH IS A MOST CONVINCING LIKENESS OF THE TOUCHY AND QUARRELsome PHILOSOPHER OF FREEDOM, AS HE WAS IN MIDDLE-AGE. (Height without Pedestal: 1 ft. 8 in.)

A RICH ROMAN WOMAN'S LAST "DOWRY" FOUND IN THE RHINELAND.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND DESCRIPTION BY W. HABEREY, OF THE LANDESMUSEUM, BONN.



ANCIENT ROMAN GLASS EQUAL TO THE FINEST MODERN WARE, AND STILL USABLE: FUNERARY OBJECTS FROM A FIRST-CENTURY GRAVE—SEVEN GLASS VESSELS (INCLUDING TWO LARGE AMPHORAE AS URNS FOR ASHES), THREE EARTHENWARE VESSELS, A TERRACOTTA FIGURINE, A METAL MIRROR, AND A COIN OF TITUS.



WITH A RIBBON-LIKE HANDLE DIVIDED INTO SIX SHARP RIBS: A WINE-FLAGON OF GREENISH-BLUE STRIPED GLASS. (Height, 28.5 cm.—about 11 in.)

A JAR OF GREENISH-BLUE BLOWN GLASS WITH VERTICAL RIBS AND HOLLOW RIM. (Height, 10.5 cm.—about 4 in.)

A DRINKING GOBLET OF GREENISH GLASS WITH NET-WORK DECORATION AND SMALL BASE. (Height, 10 cm.—about 3½ in.)

NOT UNLIKE THE LONG-NECKED TYPE USED IN SOUTH GERMANY TO-DAY: AN ELEGANT GLASS WINE-FLAGON DECORATED WITH SLANTING RIBS. (Height, 26.5 cm.—about 10½ in.)

"The country surrounded by the Eifel mountains between Coblenz and Mayence in the Rhineland [writes Herr Haberey] was densely populated in Roman times. A short time ago some labourers engaged in excavation work near Kretz found at a village in the valley a coffin containing rare examples of Roman glass. The coffin itself is a rough-hewn chest (4½ ft. long) of tufaceous limestone covered by a roof-like lid. Within a space of about 16 inches by 38 inches lay hidden, quite unexpectedly, seven fine vessels of glass, three of earthenware, a terracotta figure and a rectangular metal mirror, in whose polished surface one could still see oneself. The two largest glass jars were filled with ashes—they are funerary urns. In the bigger one was also found a coin of the reign of

Titus. On a little plate of *terra sigillata* were found bones of fowl, goose and sucking-pig, remains of the funeral feast. The unornamented receptacle for ashes contained the remains of a woman who had died in the first century A.D. Besides this there lay in the grave, near and beneath the stone containers, 52 kg. (115 lb.) of burnt earthenware fragments from a number of pottery vessels, including an amphora, many jugs, pots and dishes, cups and plates, and remains of glass and metal vessels, either votive offerings or pottery which had been burnt with the corpse. Every single article from the stone chest is so perfectly preserved that it could be put to current use again. All these articles could well bear comparison with the finest specimens of modern glass."



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Entrée Dish, 10½ ins. long, £12. 12. 0; Sauce Boat, two sizes, £1. 12. 6 and £1. 17. 6

Condiment Set, Mustard Pot with Spoon, £2. 7. 6; Salt Cellar with Spoon, £1. 5. 0; Pepper Pot, 5 ins. high £1. 5. 0

Toast rack, hand made, 5-bar size, 4 ins. long, £1. 5. 0; 7-bar size, 5 ins. long, £1. 17. 6

Biscuit Box, 5 x 3½ ins. £6. 15. 0

Tea Service:

Teapot, £7. 15. 0; Sugar Basin, £2. 10. 0; Cream Jug, £2. 5. 0; Hot-Water Jug, £7. 15. 0

Tray, 18 inches, £18. 18. 0; 20 inches, £25. 0. 0; 22 inches, £29. 10. 0

Silver is on the Ground Floor.

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THE Durlacher Sale at Christie's next week happens to comprise many pieces which serve as well as any elsewhere to remind a sometimes insular people of the debt English cabinet-makers owed to French designers. It also affords an opportunity—and I know numerous lovers of art will join with me in this—of wishing a long St. Martin's summer of peaceful retirement to a Nestor of his profession who has played a great part in building up many of the finest collections in both Europe and America—for example, those of the late George Salting and J. P. Morgan—and who now, at the reasonable age of eighty-two, has decided to close down a family business which has been known and respected since 1842. Mr. George Durlacher will be surprised, perhaps, and even a trifle alarmed, to know that he is regarded with affectionate esteem by a host of younger men who have benefited from his knowledge and experience; and one of them considers himself fortunate in being able to record in print his appreciation of the many wise words which fell from his lips over numerous cups of tea in his Bond Street office, when the acknowledged expert in Renaissance works of art would answer questions as if the one aim and object of his life was to save his guest the trouble of looking things up for himself.

The three illustrations on this page are all of French pieces, and a very modest acquaintance with similar, but by no means identical, English work will be sufficient to show that our own people followed Continental fashions pretty closely. We did our own alterations and modifications; we added here and discarded there; we worried over these cross-Channel ideas as a dog worries over a favourite bone, and—to change the simile—we built up a distinctively

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

FRENCH MODELS OF EARLY ENGLISH FURNITURE: THE DURLACHER SALE.

By FRANK DAVIS.

now that the French nineteenth-century painters who were once considered so revolutionary were merely carrying on these old traditions; and that Poussin in the seventeenth century went back to the Roman past; while Cézanne said: "What is wanted is to do Poussin all over again"—and the same traditions were implicit in the minor craft of cabinet-making.

things are rare, because walnut was a common wood in France, and not on this side of the Channel. On the whole, the Elizabethan craftsman is not so learned as his French contemporary—he doesn't know his classical orders or his ornament quite so well—nor has he lost his feeling for the grotesques which so delighted his mediæval ancestors. He was, if you like, a trifle provincial by comparison, partly because he was learning his job at second-hand, as it were, and partly because he was mostly working in a more intractable material—you have to wrestle with oak; you can be more gentle with a softer wood.

Take Fig. 2: how many elaborate English mahogany commodes of this kind, with this same *bombe* shape, were made about the year 1750? Anyway, here is their prototype, more elaborate, on the whole, than anything our people produced. Perhaps it is over-elaborate to modern eyes, with its cast and chased ormolu handles and escutcheons; but that does not alter the fact that, though its design is now *démodé*, partly because of the extreme difficulty and cost of manufacture, it is a technical achievement of a very high order: the parquetry pattern alone, just visible in the photograph, is sufficient to justify this statement. Period: *Régence*, which is not (I need scarcely add) the same as the Regency of our George IV. when he was Prince of Wales, but the Regency of the *Duc d'Orléans* during the minority of Louis XV.

With Fig. 3, we are almost pure English Adam, even to the characteristic *paterae* decoration. Time, about 1785; material, tulip-wood; style, severely classic in the smooth manner of the late eighteenth century; yet no more English than the Boulevard Haussmann. It is in no way detracting from the fame of a man of the stature of Robert Adam to point out that originality in the decorative arts does not consist in producing a new sort of poached egg from an empty top-hat, any more than it is belittling Inigo Jones to remember his prolonged study of the Pantheon in Rome. The best designers, whether of buildings or of furniture to go into buildings, cannot escape from the traditions common to Europe; what they can achieve is a new accent, a fresh combination of material or colour or ornament.

French influence on past cabinet-making is obvious from these three illustrations. It seems to me still as powerful to-day as it was when Frederick the Great welcomed Voltaire at Potsdam, and filled his rooms with French snuff-boxes, paintings by Watteau, and cabinets by the *maitres-ébénistes* of Paris. The difference is that this influence is now far more widely diffused, and far less generally acknowledged, so absurd are the prejudices which still divide Europe even in purely æsthetic spheres. However, there it is: no one exactly imitates French designers, but as the guardians of classic tradition (with some few aberrations) since the sixteenth century, they are, and long have been, in a very special sense in the van of European civilisation.



1. A FRENCH TYPE WHICH HAS MUCH IN COMMON WITH ENGLISH ELIZABETHAN BUFFETS AND CUPBOARDS: A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY WALNUT CREDENCE; ONE OF A WEALTH OF FINE THINGS IN THE DURLACHER SALE AT CHRISTIE'S. (51½ in. wide.)

This finely carved credence is the work of the School of Lyons. The ornament includes bold gadroons and foliage on the drawers. The Durlacher sale will take place on April 6 and 7.

Well, here is Fig. 1, as good a piece of classic construction as one could wish to find. It is not possible, it seems to me, to look at this without admitting that this is the sort of thing which Elizabethan and early seventeenth-century joiners and carvers in England



2. FINE FRENCH WORK OF AN AGE IN WHICH ELABORATE ROCOCO ORNAMENT FOUND FAVOUR WITH THE LEADERS OF TASTE: A "RÉGENCE" COMMODE BEAUTIFULLY VENEERED WITH A PARQUETRY TRELLIS AND CUBE DESIGN IN KINGWOOD. (64½ in. wide.)

English style out of them. It is not a question of whether we produced something better or worse: it was something different, but of the same family; and if our teachers had not shown us the way—and they themselves derived their own personal style from a neighbouring country and a past civilisation—we should have been immeasurably the losers.

If there is one thing which even a casual study of the decorative arts, not to mention painting and sculpture and music, can teach, it is that there really does exist, and has existed for centuries, such a thing as a European man. The concert of Europe may dissolve into discordant caterwaulings, and racial propaganda may bawl its feverish enthusiasms from the housetops, but one cannot so easily uproot oneself from the traditions which were gathered up, as it were, by the New Learning during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and have formed the basis of the finest artistic efforts since.

It is, of course, difficult to judge the work of one's own time, but everyone, I think, recognises

had in their mind's eye when they put together those imposing cupboards and buffets in oak. This, like most other French furniture of its period, is in walnut, a much softer wood than oak, with the result that the carving is more suave. There are a few walnut English pieces of the sixteenth century, but in our country such



3. A FRENCH COUNTERPART OF THE ADAM STYLE IN ENGLAND: A LOUIS XVI. TULIP-WOOD WRITING-TABLE, SEVERE IN ITS NEO-CLASSICISM. (34½ in. wide.)

BEAUTY WITH BRILLIANT PERFORMANCE



Sidney Henschel, writing in the "Financial News" on March 4th, 1938, says :

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Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

THIS month's selection offers a wide choice to the reader: Osbert Sitwell's satire on the Edwardians and neo-Georgians; Christopher Morley disporting himself at the siege of Troy, and a goodly assortment of the host of spring novels. "Those Were the Days" suggests that the shade of a Regency caricaturist has been hovering at Mr. Sitwell's elbow. It castigates the privileged persons whose importance was inflated by the war, and the *poseurs* and *dilettanti* who flourished before, during, and after the famous bombardment, with those self-assured young moderns, Joscelyn and Joanna, as the connecting-link. There is more than witty irony in this sifting of a society; it is as if Mr. Sitwell despairs of the world in which his types exist. Mainly they belong to the great Freemartin tribe, so that we have Lord Freemartyn revelling in his activities on the Liquor Control Board and devising new and helpful restrictions; and Edward compiling a special little anthology of modern poets for the lads in the trenches; and, monumental in her selfishness, crabbed and rich, the Victorian relic, Miss Gertrude Freemartyn. And there is Tozer, too, the amateur journalist who does so well out of war prophecy, no matter how invariably realities falsify his predictions, and Miss Marmaduke, the elderly actress whose boosting by her enthusiastic friends revives her popularity and her bank balance at the same time.

Joanna Mompesson (*née* Freemartyn) wanders into the other group in her search for self-expression, and there falls in with Stanley Esor, whose art is pithily summed up by Mr. Sitwell: he extolled the Chaldeans and negro sculptures because his own resembled them. To Joanna he is a potential lover; to his gaggle of disciples, the Master. The Mompessons' children are growing up when the panorama of figures dissolves, and gaily returning to the conventions their parents defied. The last time Joanna makes her appearance she is bobbing bewildered in the whirls and eddies of the human stream, while the next generation looks back over its shoulder at her and Joscelyn's obsolete unconventionality.

Christopher Morley does not repeat himself; or anyone else. "The Trojan Horse" is his original version of the romance of Troilus and Cressida. They and Troy are, of course, modern to themselves. He represents them by turning Troy into the counterpart of an American city. Troilus, walking back to his rooms after dinner, passes a newspaper office where electric letters flicker: "THE EVENING TROJAN . . . SIEGE ENTERS ITS TENTH YEAR . . . PACIFIST MEETING DISPERSED BY POLICE . . ." And why not, if riotous anachronisms and romantic love and literary beauty go hand-in-hand? The atmosphere's the thing; the lovers are alive; they never died. We refuse to accept Cressida in the Elysian Fields, where "perhaps pure and endless afternoons and infinite content dim the faculties." This is a quite inadequate introduction to "The Trojan Horse"; but you might as well try to catch a moonbeam as summarise Mr. Morley at his liveliest and wittiest, with the poet in him cropping out in prose and verse.

There is no such freakishness in Phyllis Bentley's "Sleep in Peace." Her imagination transmutes and reproduces, and hers is a sober subject. Her West Riding industrialists are hedged about with limitations, their outlook is material, their upbringing of their families tragically narrow, though they would never know it. Her object has been to invite attention to the conditions of the generation that, as she says, made the transition from the industrial expansion of Victorian England to the present day. Incident and detail are fresh; the types are familiar. The fortunes of the Armitsteads and Hinchcliffes rise and decline; the sons and daughters struggle for emancipation, except Gwen, whose superabundant egoism makes its own way. Laura Armitstead would have been a successful artist in her twenties if she had been born a quarter of a century later. She develops from an inhibited child to a woman who, her own talent having been opposed and set aside, is determined to help the next generation to liberty, to choose its own ideal of life. Her aspirations may seem pathetic, for ideals are not easily realised in the world we live in; but she is sincere, and the narrative, seen through her eyes, is actual. It is exactly this actuality and sincerity that distinguish Miss Bentley's work, and here it is at its best.

In "Lucy and Amades," the love-story is certain to charm even if you have not read "Time's Door" and do not know what the Bach family meant to Cavatini. The novel adds another pastel group to Mrs. Meynell's gallery of musicians, and the landscape outside its windows is at least as delicately drawn as the portraiture within. The Hall at Withers St. Mary stood behind a park wall, among the Wiltshire Downs. The country folk of the early nineteenth century were arrogant and exclusive, and Amades Govoni, pianist, teacher, and composer, risked more than Lucy Withers when he and she eloped, after a twenty-four-hours' wooing, over the wall and back to Italy. She was to inherit great possessions, such as

bear his children, and know the perfection of a harmonious marriage before she died and he returned to his work at Leipzig, abdicating at Withers when their eldest son, who was a country squire to the manner born, came to his majority. Trampling of Philistines and human discords there might be, but in "Lucy and Amades" heavenly music is never very far away.

The next two books are contrasts in wretchedness. "Rags and Sticks," by Louis Lynch Dalton, is the vagabondage of Irish strolling players, and "Another Ophelia," by Edwin Lanham, the tragedy of an American girl who escaped from an attempt to force her to prostitution with her mental balance overthrown. To a theatrical company always on the verge of bankruptcy every stand has its excitements, and the comical side of the situation never escapes Mr. Dalton, himself an actor and an Irishman. Nor are the artists themselves unconscious of it. MacTansey, the manager, was a rogue with endless dodges for bilking his team as well as hall proprietors and landladies, but it loyally played up to him. The devil's tools travelled round with the property baskets; drink, promiscuity, raging tempers. But to offset their miseries these people had tremendous vitality, however disreputably it manifested itself. And the profession ruled them; of course, the stale old melodrama had to be played out, no matter what debauch or suffering loomed ahead or lay behind. When MacTansey was jailed by an unsympathetic judge for the trifle of passing a worthless cheque, the company fell to pieces; yet courage went into the darkness with the old actor, who saw destitution waiting for him, and Ellie, the young girl, gave him her last pound-note for a parting gift. The years ahead had their promise and she, on his example, vowed to be courageous. So "Rags and Sticks" is a gallant as well as a pitiful and sordid story.

"Another Ophelia" is intensely tragic, and its impressiveness increases as the significance of Julie's case and her parents' problem comes through. At first she appears a silly, idle young woman; but she is verging on middle-age, and the pitiful helplessness of her father and mother in face of her broken life reveals itself. There is a powerful simplicity in the telling of this dreadful story.

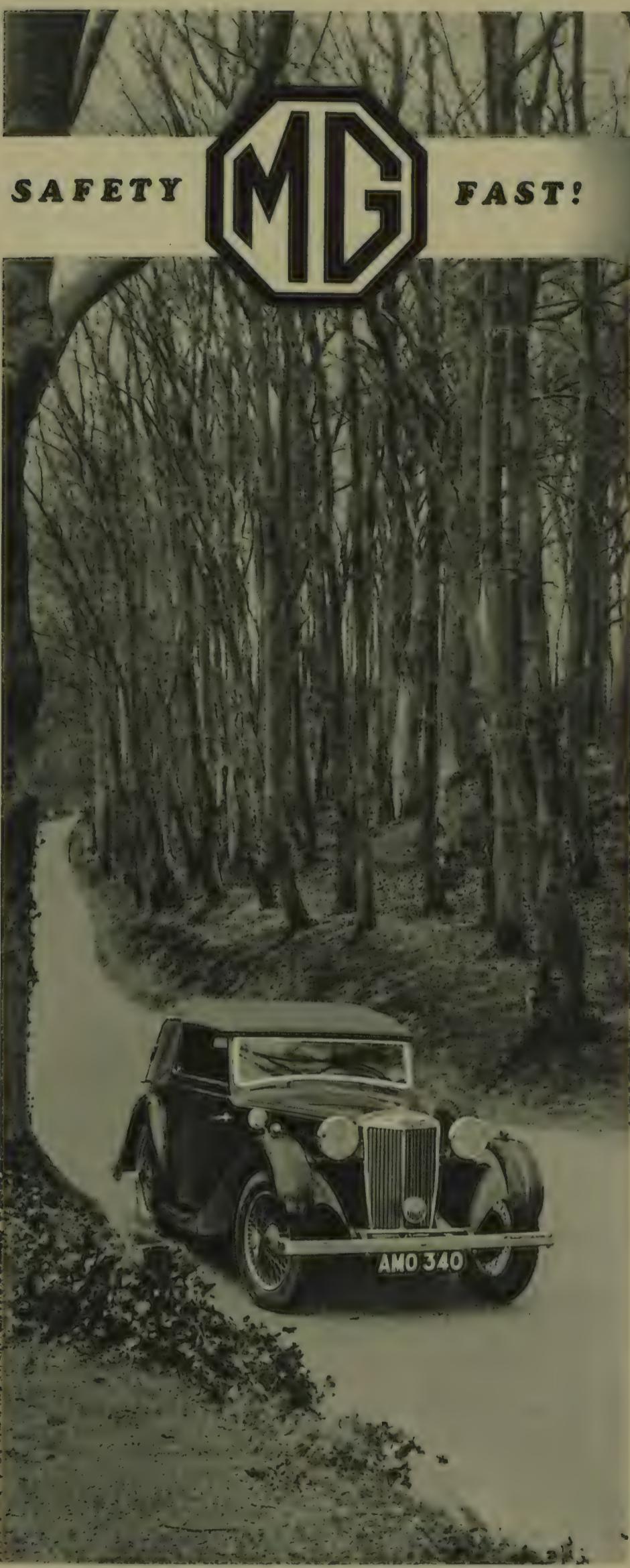
"Pity of the World," by Elinor Mordaunt, and "Cardboard Castle," by P. C. Wren, are both novels such as the public is entitled to expect. Mrs. Mordaunt has gone to Kenya this time, and made a moving story out of the family she has planted there. The study of Charles Fleming ranks with her unforgettable one of Mrs. Van Kleek. She does certainly—quoting Joseph Conrad—make one feel and see these characters, whether they be native or colonist, and their Kenya background. Sally, Fleming's daughter, is an arresting figure. The combination of excitement and pathos as the narrative develops is excellent. The manner in which Major Wren has chosen to present the drama of "Cardboard Castle" and the idea at the heart of it is far-fetched, but the essential thrills are there, and irresistible.

"Alpine Episode," by Rosamund Lawrence appears to be a first novel, and does much credit to her sense of atmosphere and psychological perception. She is artful with the estrangement between Binky and her husband, though not quite artful enough to prevent one longing to knock their heads together. However, that will add to the interest with which you will hurry on to find out how they are going to get round it, and for freshness and enthusiasm "Alpine Episode" can be highly commended.

The four detective novels are delightful. The celebrated Asey Mayo solves the mystery in "Octagon House" while the cops of Cape Cod bumble about, but it is Asey who counts rather than his investigations. Mrs. Phoebe Atwood Taylor just lets him loose, and a superb extravaganza follows. E. R. Punshon's "Dictator's Way" features Detective-Sergeant Bobby Owen, and demonstrates how and why Mr. Punshon has settled himself comfortably in the front rank of thriller-writers, and "Death of a Designer," by Neville Brand, that he has arrived there, too. Elspeth Huxley's "Murder on Safari" is clever as paint. The map provided is superfluous: her tale tells itself with beautiful clarity. Wit and ingenuity distinguish these detective novels.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

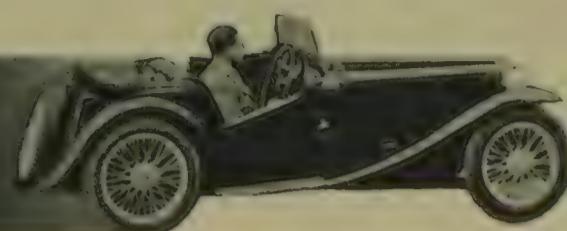
Those Were the Days. By Osbert Sitwell. (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.)
The Trojan Horse. By Christopher Morley. (Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.)
Sleep in Peace. By Phyllis Bentley. (Gollancz; 8s. 6d.)
Lucy and Amades. By Esther Meynell. (Chapman and Hall; 8s. 6d.)
Rags and Sticks. By Louis Lynch Dalton. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)
Another Ophelia. By Edwin Lanham. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)
Pity of the World. By Elinor Mordaunt. (Michael Joseph; 7s. 6d.)
Cardboard Castle. By P. C. Wren. (Murray; 8s. 6d.)
Alpine Episode. By Rosamund Lawrence. (Duckworth; 7s. 6d.)
Octagon House. By Phoebe Atwood Taylor. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)
Dictator's Way. By E. R. Punshon. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)
Death of a Designer. By Neville Brand. (Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.)
Murder on Safari. By Elspeth Huxley. (Methuen; 7s. 6d.)



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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

IT is not often that two first prizes are awarded for the same race without a dead-heat, yet that happened at the opening meeting of this season at Brooklands, on March 12. In the fifth race—the Second Road Handicap—it had been arranged to start off the cars in groups of three, according to handicap. The official getting the cars into their proper places grouped them in a way different from that adopted for the previous car events, so that, in error, the starter despatched the cars at the wrong end of the line first, with the result that Mr. A. F. P. Fane was sent off 23 seconds too soon, and won the race easily. After the meeting was over, the stewards received a report of the mistake in the despatch of the first three cars: Nos. 10 (Fane), 12 (P. C. T. Clark) and 14 (F. T. Andrews), in that order, instead of Nos. 14, 12 and then 10. So, as the competitors could not be blamed, the stewards ruled that "the programme

of the competition" was not "duly carried out." No specific powers are given to the stewards to correct such a mistake, but it had been proved that Fane, through no fault of his own, gained an extra start of 23 seconds, and therefore the stewards considered that he could not be awarded a place in the race. So they declared that the second car to pass the post was the winner (Mr. G. P. Harvey-Noble), the second place went to Mr. A. Leitch, and third to Mr. H. J. Aldington. But, having in view that Fane was officially started at the wrong time, they recommended Fane should be given an award equal in value to the first prize, as he crossed the finishing-line in front of all other competitors.

To-day, April 2, the International Coronation Trophy Race will be run over the road course at the Crystal Palace, organised by the Road Racing Club. The public were to be admitted to view the race practice on Thursday, March 31, between 10 a.m. and

1 p.m., at a charge of one shilling. The race to-day will be run in two heats and a final, the first heat being started at 3.30 p.m., and the final at 6 o'clock. An excellent entry has been received, so that visitors should see many exciting moments at the Palace, with its twisting, up-and-down track.

In the recent Delhi Reliability Trials, organised by the Automobile Association of Northern India, forty-three cars of various British and foreign makers competed. In the "light car" class, the first prizes for both men and women competitors were awarded to drivers of Hillman "Minx" cars, Mr. R. Learmouth and

Mrs. Shearcroft respectively; while the 1500-rupee Challenge Cup for the "trade" class was won by a "Minx" entered by Allied Motors, Ltd., of Bombay



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and New Delhi, driven by Mr. Wilson, the firm's service manager in Delhi. The trials were the first of their kind to be run in Delhi, competitors being required to average 30 m.p.h. over a difficult course of about 85 miles. Long and trying dusty stretches alternated with *kutcha* roads, or rough native tracks, over which the going was very difficult, while time was also lost in negotiating the narrow and crowded street of a native bazaar. The road section was followed by eliminating tests which included braking, parking and reversing.

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"Classical" and "Romantic" Fashions.

Many generations of women in England, the Dominions, and foreign parts have thrilled at the thought that their bridal gowns, bridesmaids' dresses and trousseaux were created for them in the salons of Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. To help prospective brides in planning the pageant of their weddings, this firm are showing dresses that reflect the spirit of spring. Some are classical in conception, others romantic, and again there are those which may be described as individual; they are interpretations of the prevailing modes.

The Bride's Dress.

Simplicity is the characteristic feature of the bride's dress portrayed on this page, which is included in Debenham and Freebody's collection. The fabricating medium is snow-white satin; if a certain indescribable glow is desired it may be mounted on pale pink. The sleeves are long, the train is cut in one with the dress, and the entire scheme is strewn with silver sequins. The veil is of net, held in position with a semi-coronet of diamanté and pearls. In many cases trains are detachable at the waist, while boleros are often introduced.

The Bridal Retinue.

Next in importance to the bride's dress are the bridesmaids'. There are many types to consider, as the kindly bride wishes each individual member of her retinue to look her best. In these salons are to be seen frocks in soft colours, the materials being mousseline de soie, embroidered chiffons, lace and organza. The model seen on the left of this page has been chosen because it may appropriately be worn on so many occasions after the great event. It is only seven and a half guineas, carried out in lace and ribbon, with a becoming basque and old-world bonnet.

Of Interest to Women



The "Going Away" Dress.

Two views are given of the other bridesmaid's dress, which is expressed in white lace and ribbon. It has been created for the tall, svelte figure, and is, in addition, charming for the evening. Suggestions for "going away" dresses have a section all to themselves, the majority being companioned with coatees or boleros. A simple little affair has a basque of looped rouleaux with a cross-over drapery caught with a curious buckle. Another *chef d'œuvre* has a rever on one side only; this is lifted with a large bunch of white violets. The evening dresses are perfectly beautiful.

Washing Frocks.

No trousseau is complete without at least half-a-dozen washing frocks. The success of the "whiskered silk" dresses introduced by Debenham and Freebody becomes more pronounced each season. It seems almost unnecessary to add that new fashions are represented in them. They are smart and practical, and the price is 69s. 6d. Of course, the ones with coatees are rather more expensive. The dresses belonging to the "Terrier" family cost the same amount; they have given prominently satisfactory proof that they wash and wear well. It must not be forgotten that linen shorts-dresses are 59s. 6d.

Wedding Gifts.

Something different in perfume is ever sought by the modern bride; therefore to her Elizabeth Arden's "Bride's Bouquet" will make a direct appeal. Furthermore, it makes an attractive gift for the bridesmaids from the bridegroom. Five artistic bottles containing different perfumes are arranged in a decorative box. The flower fragrances are white orchid, jasmine, gardenia, orange blossom, and lily of the valley, one for each traditional flower in the bride's bouquet. "Blue Grass," created by Elizabeth Arden and inspired by the Blue Grass country in Kentucky, has an elusive and delicate fragrance.



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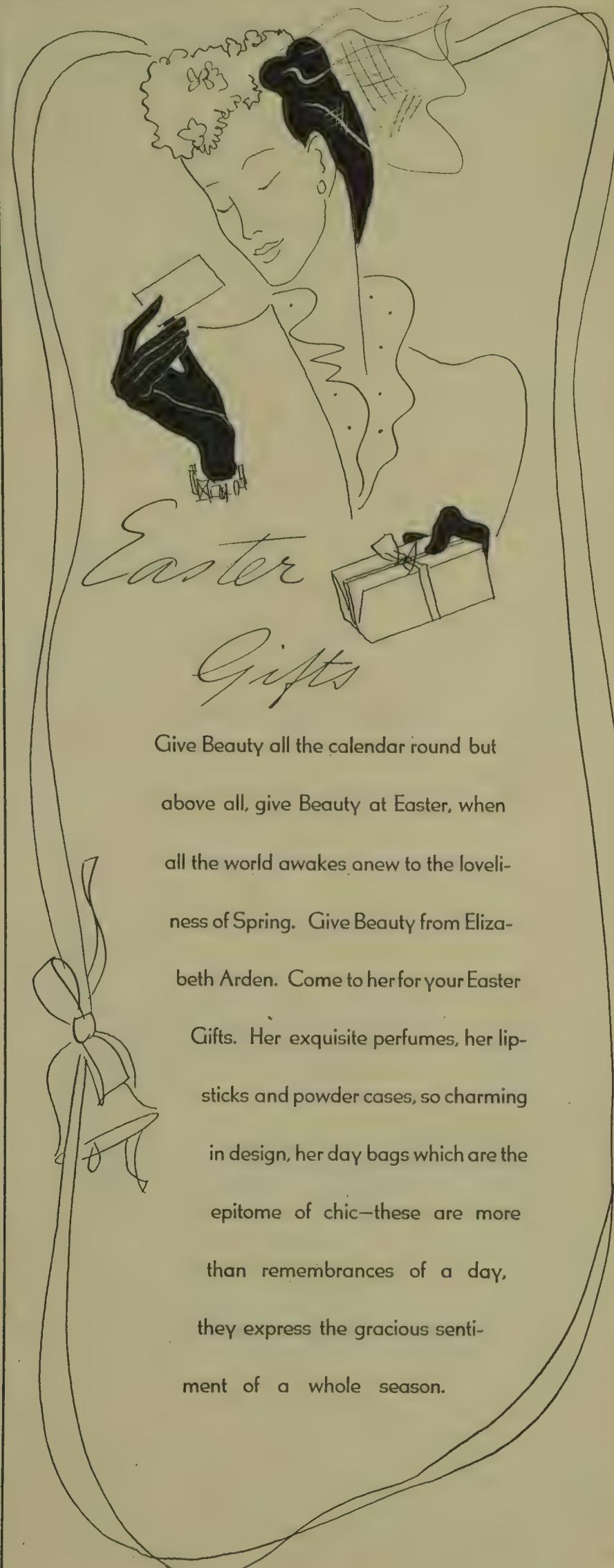
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BOOKS OF THE DAY.

(Continued from page 566.)

As an architectural and topographic draughtsman he has never been surpassed in England." This brings me to a beguiling book of reminiscences by a much-travelled writer who in his youth studied at the Glasgow Art School, and was uncertain for a time whether to be a painter or a writer. Eventually the pen proved mightier than the brush. Having written many novels, he now reveals glimpses of his own kaleidoscopic career in "COLOURED SPECTACLES." By Frederick Niven (Collins; 10s. 6d.).

Had not a work of reference told me that Mr. Niven was born at Valparaiso, I should have imagined from this book that Scotland claimed him as her own, for through all his wanderings in different parts of the world he conveys that feeling of nostalgia expressed in the poet's line—"My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here." In recounting his memories, he follows no chronological order; in fact, there is hardly a date (in his own life, at any rate) from the first page to the last. Usually I am rather



THE CURRENT EXHIBIT OF "NOTABLE ANTIQUITIES" IN THE PREHISTORIC ROOM AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM: CHALK DRUMS OF THE EARLY BRONZE AGE, DECORATED WITH RELIGIOUS SYMBOLS, FOUND IN YORKSHIRE.

These three "drums" of solid chalk were discovered under a round barrow of the Early Bronze Age at Folkton, East Riding of Yorkshire, within five miles of the sea at Filey. One burial was that of a child with whom the "drums" had been deposited. Their significance was doubtless magical, and the designs on them represent a religious symbolism which, in the third millennium B.C., accompanied the spread of the first metal-using civilisation by sea from the East Mediterranean to Spain and thence by way of France to the British Isles and Northern Europe. The patterns are based on conventionalisations of the human face and form. This "Western" spread of sea-borne civilisation began to reach the British Isles as early as 2300 B.C., but the "Folkton drums," from their barrow associations, must belong to its later stages, rather after 2000 B.C., when the "Eastern" Round Barrow Culture had reached northern England.

By Courtesy of the British Museum.

a stickler for chronology in autobiographical books, but somehow the absence thereof in this one does not worry me in the least. The reason is that the book is not really an autobiography but a succession of vivid essays with a vein of reminiscence running through them, and possessing a charm independent of time.

Mr. Niven begins by telling us that he is writing his book in British Columbia, 6000 miles or so from the Grampians, but that in memory he re-lives the old Glasgow days of his youth among the artists whom he knew there. "There was a small paper-covered guide to 'doon the watter' on sale then at the station bookstalls," he recalls, "and hawked on the streets. It was illustrated with reproductions of pen-and-ink drawings. Was I right in thinking them works of genius? I showed it to my chosen mentors, trustful of confirmation, and, 'Muirhead Bone,' they said at a ratifying glance. I fancy that must have been his first published work. It is a rarity now, I suppose.... Out of these distant years I have a memory of a visit to a house . . . where a sturdy and rather paternal young man was our host. He was the eldest of three brilliant brothers. He was Muirhead Bone, and James Bone was also there, dark and eager. The door opened and a lad came in, wearing brass-buttoned blue, and the eldest brother, as this youngest joined us, said, 'This is the sailor-laddie,' by way of introduction."



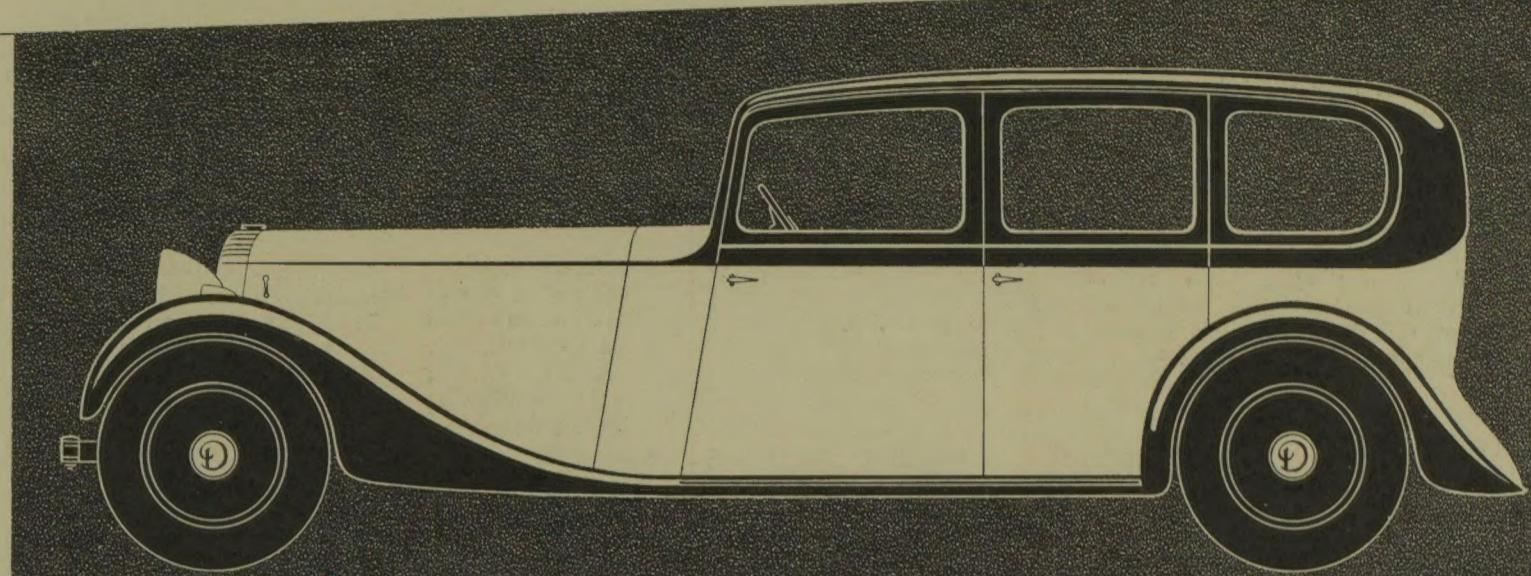
THE MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY DUTCH GLASS BOTTLE WITH DIAMOND-POINT ENGRAVING ADDED BY AN AMATEUR—A PASTIME THEN WIDESPREAD IN HOLLAND.

In the seventeenth century the Dutch ceased to imitate Venetian glass and developed forms of their own. This green glass bottle, however, is chiefly interesting for its decoration, which was added not by a professional worker but by an amateur whose pastime it was to engrave glass with a diamond. This custom was widespread in Holland in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Among the earliest engravers in this style was the engraver of this bottle, Willem Jacobsz van Heemskerk (1613-1692), a cloth merchant of Leyden, who was also a poet and dramatist. It bears the signature "Willem van Heemskerk in Leiden 1674 AE 61." Pieces dated in his early years are rare, but they continue until he was seventy-seven. The inscription (a couplet in praise of wine, paraphrased from Ecclesiasticus), with its flowing calligraphic scroll-work, shows the exuberant baroque style of the time.

By Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.
Crown Copyright reserved.

the train from Bude to Okehampton, if I remember right, I fell into talk with another young man, and we eventually exchanged cards. His card bore the name of "Niven," but it was long ago, and I cannot recall the initials. Whenever, in after years, I have seen a book by the author of the present volume, I have wondered whether he was my acquaintance of the Cornish train.

C. E. B.



Coachwork by *Hooper*

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"IDIOT'S DELIGHT," AT THE APOLLO.

THOUGH lightened by much humour, and even by song and dance, Mr. Robert E. Sherwood's play is grim drama. The action passes in a small buffer State in Central Europe. No fewer than five countries, abutting on it, are on the verge of war. Indeed, the situation seems extremely topical. Too much so, perhaps, for English audiences. Mr. Sherwood's play, though immensely effective, tells us nothing new. He is content to denounce war in general terms. A variety of nationalities are assembled in the cocktail lounge in the small hotel which is the setting. A German scientist is on the eve of discovering a cure for cancer. When war breaks out he abandons his humanitarian intentions and returns to his own country to assist in the manufacture of poison-gas. There are a young English couple on their honeymoon. War sends them scuttling back to London, khaki and a nurse's uniform being indicated. A French trade union leader: his denunciation of war leads to his being summarily shot. There is an armament magnate, looking too much like the popular conception of the character to be entirely convincing. For a mistress, he has a lady who professes to be a Russian countess. Miss Tamara Geva plays this part extremely well. Her English is well-nigh perfect, and if, now and then, her accent falters, it is in keeping with the rôle of an American vaudeville artist posing as a Slav. The chief character, however, is an American song-and-dance artist, touring the Continent with a sextette of blonde chorus girls. Mr. Raymond Massey plays him with rich humour. He believes in the essential goodness of people, if only for the reason that, as a quack doctor, he has found them so gullible. The play ends on a tragic note. War is declared. In the distance we see the searchlights, we hear the roar of aeroplanes, the crack of anti-aircraft guns. The hotel staff take refuge in the cellars. All the foreigners depart, save the American "hoofer" and the Russian "countess." They declare their love for each other, and, as they sit at the piano, trying to remember a hymn, the curtain falls on an explosion that presumably wipes them out of existence. A well-written, well-acted play. Whether the London production will equal the success of the New York one remains to be seen.

"ROAD TO GANDAHAR," AT THE GARRICK.

The prologue and epilogue of this play are almost unbelievably naive. A middle-aged doctor, sensing a

potential suitor for the hand of his ward, tells him the story of her and his life. The story, of course, is told by means of a flash-back. Then comes the epilogue. After enduring two hours of the doctor's story, the young man rises, says he had no intention of marrying the ward, and departs. The story itself, though the dialogue is poor, is not uninteresting. Mr. Martin Walker gives a brilliant performance as a drunken engineer, who first rescues the heroine from a Port Said café, marries her and then tortures her. His death scene is a *tour de force*. Miss Lilli Palmer is extremely good as the ill-starred heroine.

"FLOOD TIDE," AT THE PHENIX.

This play falls between the two schools of out-and-out thriller and psychological drama. A great painter (we are, naturally, allowed to see nothing of his pictures) accidentally murders a discarded mistress. With the assistance of a friend, he ties her up in sacking and throws her into the river. When the body is discovered, and the sacking identified as having been in his possession, he proposes to let his friend be hanged for the crime, his excuse being that his art is long, however short his friend's life may be. That a loving wife should assist him in putting the guilt on his friend is understandable. Miss Ann Todd, at all events, makes it so. But the murderer would have to be a much greater cad than Mr. Basil Sydney makes him to plan such a thing.

"Wisden's Cricketers' Almanack, 1938" (75th Edition) is published in two forms—a 5s. edition in a newly-designed and strong limp linen cover, and an edition in cloth binding at 7s. 6d. net which will give more satisfactory wear. The type face has been changed to *The Times*' New Roman, one of the most readable of modern type faces, and there is a new twenty-page Index which takes the place of the List of Contents and the various odd Indices formerly sprinkled throughout the book. Other improvements include the enlargement of the section containing the "Five Cricketers of the Year," which is followed by the special articles; for the first time in the history of the book there is a special section dealing with Women's Cricket, with a report and full scores of all England v. Australia Test matches played to date. Special sections deal with the Universities and Public Schools, the 1936-37 tour of the M.C.C. team in Australia, as well as the tour of Canada in the autumn of 1937; a survey of England-Australia Test Cricket over the last sixty years, and a summary of Hendren's career from 1907 to 1937.

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Painting of J. B. Tiepolo

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The French, Dutch and Italian schools are represented by some of their most famous masters: the 17th century by still lifes of Van Beyer and de Kalf, a landscape of Van Goyen; the Italians by Canaletto, Guardi, Tiepolo. A painting by the latter master—probably a study of the picture entitled "The Immaculate Conception" belonging to the Prado Museum in Madrid—comes from the Aranjuez Monastery. Tiepolo had painted it for the Monastery.

The French art of the 18th-century is represented by drawings of Watteau, Fragonard, Boucher, Lenain, a pastel of Perronneau, a painting of Prud'hon and of Mademoiselle Mayer.

These paintings and drawings are accompanied by an ensemble of marquetry furniture and antique chairs stamped by the greatest cabinet makers of the 18th-century. Bronzes, a large service of antique soft-paste Sévres and precious stones from China complete this Collection which will be sold on April 5th, following the exhibition on April 3rd and 4th at the Galerie Jean Charpentier, 76 Fr. St. Honoré, Paris.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

THE winter concert season is drawing to a close and, except for one or two societies like the Royal Philharmonic, there will be a temporary lull in musical activity until the opera season starts at Covent Garden at the beginning of May, and at Glyndebourne a month later. At the last Philharmonic concert Sir Thomas Beecham was to have conducted, but, owing to his illness, his place was taken by that well-known conductor Nicolai Malko in a mixed programme of Wagner, Vaughan Williams, Debussy, Arthur Benjamin, and Schumann. The first viola from the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Bernard Shore, was the soloist in Vaughan Williams' Suite for Viola and Orchestra, and gave a beautiful performance, very sensitive in phrasing and with a delightful quality of tone. This particular work is one of the best things that Dr. Vaughan Williams has done. It is in his more lyrical and contemplative mood, and I cannot help thinking that this is more natural to his real talent than the more strenuous and agitated style which he has adopted in his last symphony.

One of the most successful of new musical ventures in London has been the series of London Theatre Concerts held on Sunday evenings about twice a month at the Cambridge Theatre. These concerts were started during the past winter under the patronage of Sir Thomas Beecham and the present series is devoted to Mozart. Many unfamiliar compositions of his have been played and a number of young artists introduced to the public. The standard of performances has been commendably high, and the warmth and seriousness which the young musicians have brought to their efforts have been rewarded by attracting a large following. At the concert last Sunday night, in addition to the Quintet for piano-forte, oboe, clarinet, horn and bassoon, played by John Hunt, E. Rothwell, Reginald Kell, A. Hyde, and P. Draper, and the Quartet in D (K.421), played by the Stratton Quartet, which are fairly well known, there were two numbers, the Adagio and Rondo for harmonica, flute, oboe, viola and 'cello, and the Duet for Violin and Viola, which are practically unknown even to the most regular concert-goer. Both are delightful, and the Duet especially ought to be better known.

At the Albert Hall the same afternoon Kreisler gave a recital with the London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Dr. Malcolm Sargent. His playing of the Brahms Violin Concerto—especially in the first two movements—was superb and hardly to be equalled even by his young rival Menuhin.

W. J. TURNER.



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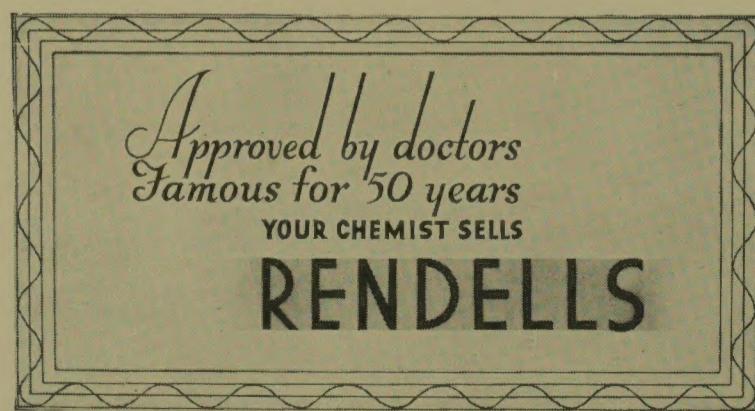
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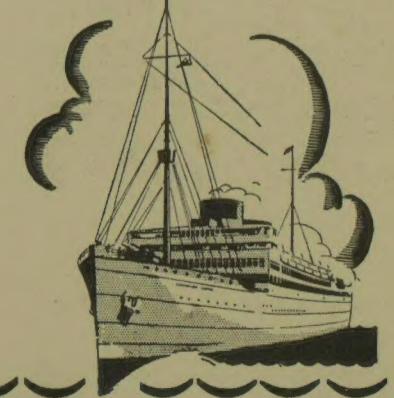


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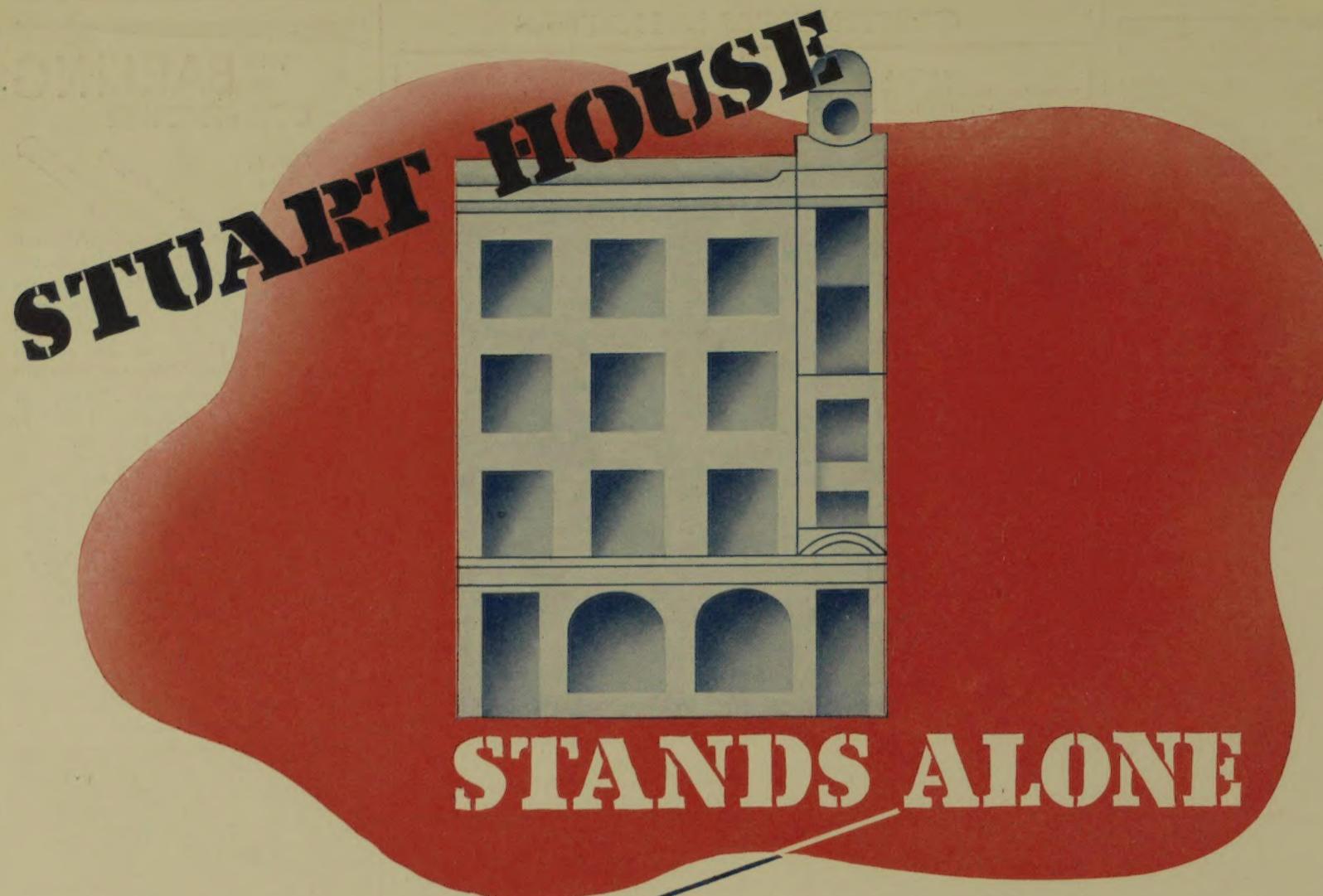
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